

THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART, AND GENERAL INFORMATION.

No. 49.—VOL. II. NEW SERIES.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1859.

[PRICE 4d., Stamped 6d.]

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE.—The Exhibition of the Royal Academy is now open.—Admission (from Eight till Seven o'clock) 1s. Catalogues 1s. JOHN PRESCOTT KNIGHT, R.A., Secretary.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.—Incorporated by Royal Charter.—The Thirty-sixth Annual Exhibition of this Society is NOW OPEN from 9 A.M. till dusk. Admission 1s. Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East. T. ROBERTS, Secretary.

SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS.

President: THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF CARLISLE, K.G.
The FIFTH CONVERSATION of the Season will take place at the ARCHITECTURAL GALLERY, No. 9, Conduit Street, Hanover Square, (kindly lent for the occasion by the Architectural Society), on WEDNESDAY, JUNE 8th, instead of TUESDAY, JUNE 7th, when H. ORTLEY, Esq., will deliver a Lecture, entitled "An Hour with the Old Masters," illustrated by numerous examples of the various Schools. E. ELLIS, Esq., will also read a Paper on the "Poetry of Art." To commence at 8 o'clock. 18, Pall Mall. WILLIAM HOLL, Hon. Sec.

ROYAL LITERARY FUND.—The SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL DINNER of the CORPORATION will take place in Freemasons' Hall, on WEDNESDAY, the 22nd of JUNE, at 8 o'clock, when W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P., in the Chair. The Stewards will be announced in future advertisements. 73, Great Russell Street, W.C. OCTAVIAN BLEWITT, Sec.

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HALF-YEARLY ELECTION on 12th AUGUST next. New Candidates must be nominated before the 23rd inst.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF FORMER PUPILS (BOYS) will be held at the Asylum on THURSDAY, 30th instant, the Right Rev. the Lord BISHOP OF SALISBURY in the Chair. Tickets may be obtained by Governors and their friends from

Office, 2, Walbrook, E.C. E. F. LEEKS, Secretary.
1st June, 1859.

CONSUMPTION HOSPITAL.—MR. S. C. HALL will give his Lecture on "The Authors of the Age," being a series of written portraits from personal acquaintance, for the benefit of the above Charity, at WILLIS'S ROOMS, KING STREET, ST. JAMES'S, on MONDAY, JUNE 13, at 8 o'clock. Tickets, 6s. each; or Family Tickets (to admit six), 1l. 1s. May be had of Mr. MITCHELL, 33, Old Bond Street; also of Messrs. HATCHARD & Co., 187, Piccadilly; RIVINGTON'S, Waterloo Place; SEELEY'S, 51, Fleet Street; SMITH & ELDER, 65, Cornhill; and at the Hospital, Thompson.

SWINEY LECTURES ON GEOLOGY, IN CONNECTION WITH THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—A Course of Twelve Lectures will be delivered at the Museum of Practical Geology, Jermyn Street, on MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, and THURSDAY IN EACH WEEK, commencing on the 13th JUNE, at 8 o'clock, p.m., by A. G. MELVILLE, M.D., Professor of Natural History in the Queen's University, Ireland. Admission free.

DR. SEMLER has the honour to announce that he will give SIX LECTURES IN GERMAN ON SCHILLER AND GOETHE. THE FIRST LECTURE will be on WEDNESDAY, 10th JUNE, at WILLIS'S ROOMS.

Tickets for the Six Lectures, seats reserved 1 Guinea.
Tickets for Single Lectures, seats reserved 5s. 6d.
Tickets for Single Lectures, seats unreserved 2s. 6d.

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ORATIONS BY MR. T. MASON JONES.—Last Oration of the Season.—WILLIS'S ROOMS, FRIDAY EVENING NEXT, JUNE 10th (by desire) "Curran and the Wits and Orators of the Irish Bar." Commencing at half-past Eight o'clock. Stalls, 5s. Reserved Seats, 2s. 6d. Back Seats, 1s. Tickets may be obtained at Mr. MITCHELL'S Royal Library, 33, Old Bond Street.

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The committee are compelled to announce that in order to keep within the space prescribed, as well as to prevent the accumulation of duplicates, they can only undertake to receive and exhibit during the Festival such objects as may be approved by them.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1859.

REVIEWS.

Traits of Indian Character. A Lecture delivered at a Meeting of the Royal Asiatic Society, by Colonel Sykes, M.P., President of the Society, on the 16th of April, 1859. (Harrison.)

The Experiences of a Landholder and Indigo Planter in Eastern Bengal. (Aberdeen: John Smith; London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.)

At a time when every scrap of reliable information, as to the character and disposition of the natives of India, is becoming more and more valuable, the opinions and statements of a man so well calculated to judge as Colonel Sykes, will be hailed with an almost unanimous welcome.

Some, indeed, will regret that one word should be uttered on behalf of the Indian races. They would rather that they should be considered as simply incapable of faith or gratitude, as destitute of every humanising quality, that they should henceforth be treated only as culprits, and regarded as calculated only to be the subjects of a despotism. To such, Colonel Sykes's lecture will be by no means acceptable; it will compel them to seek for proofs of their own assertions, which they will find it extremely difficult to produce.

At the same time while we so far indorse Colonel Sykes's views, and pay that tribute which is due at once to his learning and to his humanity, we are by no means disposed to go all the lengths which he requires of us. We must still regard the character of the Hindú as treacherous, and at least capable of the most refined cruelty; we must still regard the acts which he dwells on with so much pleasure as exceptional; we cannot blind ourselves to the dear-bought experience of the last three years, and we must rather hope for what the Hindús may become under a good system of government than praise them for what they are. With this caution, we shall let their advocate speak freely, and he evidently does address himself to those whose impressions are widely different from his own.

Colonel Sykes shows that anterior to the multitudinous castes that now exist in India, a primitive and more simple kind of religion was prevalent. What prodigious changes must have taken place amongst the so-called immutable Hindús, since the religion that is inculcated in the Rig Veda, the most ancient of their sacred books, was in vogue, the following passage will describe:

"The Rig Veda comprises a series of hymns, addressed not to a supreme Being, a self-existent and constantly disposing cause, but to various personifications of the elements and heavenly bodies, chiefly the firmament and fire; then the winds, the personified dawn, the sun, the sons of the sun, the Viswadevas, or collective deities, and the divinities of food, water, and grass in the abstract; but nowhere does there appear to have been idols or worship of material objects. Temples there were none; the worship was domestic. Brahmins are mentioned, but are not named as the appointed or exclusive singers or reciters of the hymns of the Rig Veda. Priests were not necessarily Brahmins, and the head of the family would seem to have had whatever ritual was required, performed in his own house. The Hindú Triad—Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva—have no place; the Linga or Phallus is unmentioned; Caste un-

noticed; cows were eaten; cow-hides used in sacrificial ritual; in short, modern Brahmanism has no prototype in the Rig Veda; but Professor Wilson justly says, that its chief value is in 'illustrating the most ancient Hindú system of religious worship and social organisation, and the opinions of primitive Hindúism.' How prodigious then the changes which we find must have taken place amongst the so-called immutable Hindús!"

But who were the Hindús themselves? This is a question not to be overlooked in a discussion like the present. Colonel Sykes answers it thus:

"The earliest seat of the Hindús within the area of Hindustan was undoubtedly the Eastern confines of the Punjab; the holy land of Menu and the Puranas lies between the Drishadwati and Saraswati rivers; the Caygar and Sursooty of our barbarous maps.' The tract of land thus assigned for the first establishment of Hindúism in India, is of very circumscribed extent and could not have been the site of a nation or of several tribes. Whatever the date of the settlement, Fa-hien, in the first years of the fifth century, says he found a people of heretics (that is to say, not Buddhists,) between the Indus and the Jumna, having previously said that the Brahmins were a tribe; the first amongst the tribes of barbarians, meaning strangers. And this is corroborated by Bishop Museum and Scholasticus. But India was densely peopled at the time of Fa-hien's visit, and if the nidus of the Hindús was still in the Punjab, who were the other peoples of India? Buddhism then flourished from the Himalayas to Ceylon, but Hindúism has now engrafted itself upon the twenty-one nations and languages of India. How then has this change come about, and what becomes of the immutability of the Hindús?"

A great change took place in the 7th century B.C., at the advent of Buddha, whose doctrine of the transmigration of souls was totally opposed to the great feature of the ancient ritual—animal sacrifices:

"The idea that the great First Cause could be propitiated by the sprinkling of blood, and burning flesh upon an altar, is coeval with the existence of man. Cain and Abel are the first on record to have made this sacrifice, and because one offering was supposed to be acceptable to God, and the other not, Cain slew his brother in envy. We see it continued in Abraham's offer, even of his son. We read of its institution, commanded by Moses in the 1st chapter of Leviticus as a daily duty of the Jews. We observe a remarkable illustration of it in Elijah's sacrifice, narrated in the 18th chapter of 1st Kings, and to this day Abraham's sacrifice is commemorated in the Buckra Eed of the Mahomedans. The Canaanites sacrificed hecatombs of oxen, and so strong was the belief in the efficacy of offering blood and flesh to the Divinity, that the ties of nature were set aside, and children were offered to Moloch. (Leviticus xviii. 21.) The Carthaginians offered men, and some traces of human sacrifices are met with in the Rig Veda, and its prevalence through all times, in one part of India, is attested by the Meriah sacrifices of the Khonds, which the British Government has so energetically and humanely endeavoured recently to suppress. The usual offering or sacrifice mentioned in the Rig Veda is the Soma Juice; the great sacrifice of the horse, however, is mentioned, and the ceremonial prescribed; and that animal sacrifices must have gradually grown up is manifest by the horror expressed by Buddha in his discourses at the blood shed by the Vedists in their ritual; and as all religious as well as social reforms originate in the revulsion of certain sensitive and speculative minds from certain rituals or social usages, it may not be unreasonable to believe that the great reform of Buddha, whose followers at this day outnumber those of any other creed, was caused by the blood shed in India in animal sacrifices."

Like all violent revulsions, this change to the veneration of animal life was carried to an absurd extreme, and we are told of the existence of hospitals for sick animals, of the

Brahmin priest solemnly promenading the thoroughfares, with a veil over his mouth to prevent the ingress and destruction of insect-life, and of the common bug (*Cimex lectularius*) being tolerated, plague as it is in hot climates. From general outlines Colonel Sykes proceeds to lay before us, individual traits of character, and especially does he urge the one of devotional sentiment. In the rock-cut temples of India, marvellous in their magnitude and number; in the amount of continuous labour spent in their execution through centuries of time; in the thousands and tens of thousands of sculptured figures of men and animals; and, personally in their self-sacrifice and immolation; we have evidence of an intense religious feeling.

It is pleasing to read so many incidents of honour and fidelity amongst the Hindús. We can select only a few, but would strongly recommend our readers to peruse the remainder. Of their sensitiveness to disgrace we have a striking proof:

"In 1813, the fort of Entouree, in Bhagilkind, was stormed by a detachment under Lieutenant-Colonel Adams, and the garrison made a most desperate resistance. An officer present said 'the garrison consisted of 150 men; they fought in the breach for an hour and a quarter like tigers. When the place was nearly carried the enemy set fire to it in several places, making the whole a sheet of fire; they still kept fighting in the midst of flames, till the chief blew himself up. This was a hard day's work; we were under arms, marching, breaching, and storming upwards of twenty hours, not many of the garrison escaped; a few of the wounded survived, and showed us the remains of their chief, who died for the point of honour.' Sensitiveness with regard to ridicule has occasionally fatal consequences. In my own regiment a sepoy blew out his brains because his wife in a quarrel publicly applied epithets to him which exposed him to be mocked. At another time, on the line of march in 1818, the men, from want of carriage, being compelled to carry their heavy knapsacks, a Rajpút sepoy of my regiment, indignant at what he called being made a beast of burthen, quietly loaded his musket and shot himself."

Extolling their general humanity, the Colonel quotes an extract from a letter:

"I cannot pass away from the late scenes of excitement and death without paying a tribute to the exalted tone of the sepoys of the 25th Regiment, and this becomes more prominent, considering the troublous times in which we were playing the grand game of hold-fast against such hordes of enemies. During the heat of the battle of the 23rd, the sepoys of the 25th Regiment suffered considerably. They came into the field-hospital suffering from every description of wounds, arms and legs shattered by round shot, limbs and body perforated by musket bullets, and flesh wounds of no slight nature. To see these men as they sat or lay down in the burning sun enduring all the excruciating agonies their wounds had caused them, while the surgeons were busy with others who had preceded them, was truly noble. The general observation made by them was 'Ah! well, never mind, we have eaten the Sircar's salt for many years; this has been good work, and the Sircar will be good and take care of us, or our families if we die.' One poor fellow, whose blood was issuing profusely from a wound near the shoulder-joint, was offered a little brandy-and-water as a stimulant, when he nobly said, 'Give it to my brother first,' who sat next to him groaning in agony. He then drank, and said 'he did not mind his wound, for he knew Government would not forget him.' Not a man refused to take what was offered to him as drink; even the all-shunned wine was willingly accepted by them; and when an amputation was performed, they bore it with heroic fortitude, for although chloroform was not administered,

scarcely a groan escaped while the dreadful knife was severing the member from the body. In action they were cool, gallant, and intrepid; under the painful ordeal of the surgical operation they displayed patience, cheerfulness, and fortitude."

In support of his high opinion of their fidelity when well governed, Colonel Sykes relates the following incidents :

"In 1785, a large portion of the Bengal army had their fidelity and duty as soldiers put to the severest test during the revolt of Cheyt Sing, suffering from arrears of pay, and want of provisions; for such was the loss of credit of the Government at that time that, as stated by Mr. Hastings, no money could be raised, and the Sepoys were being employed against their connections and friends, in the heart of their own country; nevertheless they remained true to their salt. The troops so tried were the 1st and 2nd Battalions, 6th and 7th Regiments, the 19th, the 30th, and the 35th Regiments."

And again :

"In 1804, in Monson's disastrous retreat, Holkar left no means or offers untried through the medium of intrigue, to induce the sepoy to swerve from their allegiance and fidelity; and notwithstanding their dreadful sufferings and the threats of vengeance, and the knowledge that those who fell into Holkar's hands and refused to serve had their noses and right hands cut off, there were few desertions. A surgeon and some European artillerymen, who fell into Holkar's hands, had their brains knocked out by wooden mallets in his presence."

We shall now quit Colonel Sykes and take up another testimony on another side. The soldier tries to acquit the Hindú; the civilian to condemn the European. We shall not at the present moment touch on the commercial part of the pamphlet, though in that respect it is a valuable production. We shall only refer to a few "experiences" as to European justice among the natives, and European value of native life :

"Before concluding, I may state one or two instances of the insecurity of life and liberty to persons, arising from the corruptness of the police, and the want of legal knowledge on the part of those gentlemen who have hitherto administered criminal law in Bengal.

"A Mussulman Ryot, who, with several others had been brought to his landlord's kutchery (office), for the purpose of making them pay the rent they owed, and who was probably under some degree of restraint, committed suicide by cutting his throat. The case was immediately reported at the police-office. The Darogah (police-officer) proceeded to the spot, and there made up and gave in to the magistrate a statement that the man had been murdered by the landlord's son, a youth of seventeen, and sent in false witnesses to prove this falsehood. The young man was apprehended at his mother's house, whither he had fled when informed of the death of the man, justly fearing, whether innocent or guilty, the process of an investigation by a Bengal policeman. The case was got over in the usual off-hand manner before the magistrate, the depositions of the witnesses being written down in a corner of a crowded room, by a writer receiving very small pay, and who, for a bribe of a couple of rupees, will write down, as the statement of a witness, whatever one chooses. At the time this evidence is being recorded, upon which, as in this case, the life of a human creature may depend, the magistrate is going on with a dozen other cases, and in reality knows nothing of what the witness is deposing to. A case got up in this way was made out against the unfortunate young man, who was committed to the sessions to be tried by the judge. The evidence appearing clear and complete, he was found guilty, and sentence of death pronounced on him by the Sudder Nizamut (chief criminal court), to which the judge's proceedings had, in due course, been sent.

"I accidentally became aware that a youth of

seventeen was about to be hanged, and that it was the general opinion that he was altogether innocent of the crime for which he was about to suffer. The judge of the district was prevailed upon to defer the execution, while a petition, signed by a number of the most respectable European and native inhabitants of the place, was prepared, which was presented to him, accompanied by one on the part of the condemned, setting forth that none of the witnesses for the defence had been examined, and pointing out extraordinary discrepancies in the evidence against him; one witness, for example, swearing that the murder was committed with a sword, and another that a knife was used. On the receipt of these petitions, the judge thought proper to refer to the Calcutta Court for permission to re-try the case, and to examine the proffered evidence, which being granted, the result was the acquittal and immediate release of the prisoner.

"I know not how the case is related in the proceedings of the Sudder Nizamut, or indeed if it is noticed at all. I may observe here that the object of the Darogah was simply to get for himself the character of being an active and intelligent officer. It was said that he had been more successful in a similar case about a year before. Be that as it may, not a word of disapprobation of his proceedings was ever said, and for anything I know, he may have since had many such opportunities of establishing his character for zeal and activity, and is now probably a deputy-magistrate."

And as if this were not enough, we have another anecdote immediately following :

"I once had occasion to be at a magistrate's house, when a Darogah produced the dead bodies of two fishermen. They were drowned in searching for the corpse of another man, reported to have been seen floating in the river, and for which they had been compelled to dive repeatedly, by the Darogah and his attendants, till they sank, or becoming entangled in the reeds at the bottom of the river, perished. Yet this was passed over. The public knew nothing of it, and it was only on its becoming known to the commissioner of the district, some six months afterwards, that the Darogah was dismissed from office, only, however, to be employed almost immediately in a neighbouring district, by a magistrate who was a friend of the gentleman who thought the drowning of a couple of Bengalee fishermen a matter of so little consequence, as not to be, for a moment, allowed to interfere with the prospects of a favourite dependant."

The indigo planter concludes with these impressive words :

"My object in publishing will be fully answered if I succeed in drawing attention to some of the causes which have hitherto deterred my fellow-countrymen from settling in India, a country where sobriety, industry, and perseverance, will meet with a far richer reward than in most other lands to which they emigrate. India has hitherto been a preserve, strictly guarded against intrusion, and maintained for the favoured ones of the East India Company. I hope, however, that these days are now gone by, and that the young men of England will go up and possess that land of promise, of which they may read such golden accounts in the Blue Books published by the Committee of the House of Commons, now taking evidence on the subject of the colonisation and settlement of India."

The British Tortrices. By S. J. Wilkinson. (Van Voorst.)

It is far from improbable that the majority of the British public will not derive from the title of Mr. Wilkinson's volume any very definite information as to the particular class of their compatriots to whose description it is devoted. "What on earth are tortrices?" is a question which will at least rise to the lips of more than one reader, when he first sees the heading of this article. If guided solely by etymological considerations, he

proceeds to frame a theory on the subject, he will probably conclude that a tortrix is a female tormentor, and will then have no difficulty in conceiving that a much larger volume than that now before us might well be devoted to the description of the appearance and habits of this not uncommon family. The objects, however, of Mr. Wilkinson's attention constitute a class which, though less numerous and less universally familiar than that just alluded to, is nevertheless by no means strange to many who never heard them called by this name. Even the most casual observer cannot fail to have remarked, especially in the months of April, May, and June, the singular manner in which the leaves of many trees and plants are twisted or rolled up, so as to form a hollow case or envelope; and there are few who, at some time or other, have not had the curiosity to unfold one of these twisted leaves. In doing so he will have had to break through a series of fine silken threads by which the roll is held together; and in the interior he will probably have found a minute object, which a brief inspection will enable him to class comprehensively as a grub or caterpillar, and on which it is not likely that he will bestow further notice. No one who has gone through this simple experience can any longer plead ignorance of the existence of the class described by Mr. Wilkinson: for the small object which he found at the bottom of the leaf-roll was, in all probability, a tortrix in the larva state.

Having thus removed all doubts as to the nature of the beings which are treated of in the work before us, we will now proceed to enumerate briefly the principal facts which are known concerning them. And, in the first place, we must observe that we gather from Mr. Wilkinson's book that the term Tortrices cannot properly be employed as the class-name for this tribe of insects; which, in the most recent system of classification, forms the sixth group of the Order Lepidoptera, under which head are generally included all butterflies and moths. The proper class-name of this group is *Tortricina*: the name *Tortrix* being confined to a single genus of its first family, the *Tortricidae*. To avoid confusion we shall henceforth, in speaking of the group, employ only its proper class-name.

The Tortricina, like the Tineina, another group of the same order, may be regarded, to a certain extent, as a peculiarly British group; for, of the about five hundred European species already known and described, nearly three hundred are indigenous to the British Isles. In fact, they constitute about one-seventh of our entire known lepidopterous insects; and there is every reason to suppose that further research will add considerably to the present list of species. Comparatively little is known of them in the three first of the four stages of development through which all insects pass. The ova, though well defined in shape, do not generally exhibit that sculpture and symmetry which characterise the eggs of most other families of the same order. They are usually flat, and laid in small masses, overlapping each other like the scales of a fish; but sometimes they are oval, and much wrinkled and flattened on the under surface. The time required for the development of the ovum into the larva is not accurately known, but it would seem to vary considerably in different species; for while, in the case of many of the Tortricidae, the eggs laid in the height of summer remain unaltered until the en-

suings spring, in other species the hatching must be almost immediate, the larvæ being found very shortly after the appearance of the perfect insect. The larvæ possess horny heads, and (almost always) sixteen legs; sometimes, however, the latter organs are only rudimentary, and do not arrive at full development. The majority of them feed on leaves; these are naked, or very sparingly sprinkled with hairs, and are never found gregariously. Others burrow into the bark, roots, or fruits of the plants on which they feed. We have already alluded to the mode in which the leaf-eaters provide themselves with shelter by twisting and rolling up the leaves which furnish them with food. This task, which would be far beyond the unaided power of the minute larva, is effected by means of an elastic silk, spun by the insect, which is usually of a white colour, and which hardens and contracts on exposure to the air. The larva spins from side to side of the leaf a series of silken threads, which, by their contraction, draw the opposite sides together; and it aids the contractile power of the threads by partially gnawing through the thickest fibres of the leaf, which would offer most resistance to the drag of the silk. The duration of the larva state is very different for different species; but, as might naturally be expected, it is usually longer in the case of the internal feeders than in that of the leaf-eaters. It is a matter of great difficulty to distinguish the larvæ of the several species from each other; for they are generally of plain uniform colours, and are deficient in characteristic markings, except in such as belong also to the group *Tineina*. It is in the larva state that the *Tortricina* perform their most important part in the economy of nature, both in checking a too exuberant vegetable growth, and in serving as food for birds. The pupa is enclosed in a cocoon or web spun by the larva. Of this stage of their existence scarcely anything is known; its duration, like that of the two former stages, appears to vary considerably in different species, in some cases months, in others only a few days being required for the development of the perfect insect.

It is in the perfect (or, as it is technically termed, the imago) state that the British *Tortricina* have been hitherto especially studied. In this state their colouring is very varied; and, though their tints are generally sombre, they are certainly not inferior in beauty to any of the continental species, and are scarcely less bright than the few extra-European varieties with which we are acquainted. For the benefit of our entomological readers, we will extract the summary which Mr. Wilkinson gives of the markings by which they are distinguished. "These," he says:

"Are extremely simple; being, as in some of the other families in this order, a modification of an almost universal type throughout. They consist of a basal patch, a central fascia, a spot or mark upon the costa towards the apex, and an ocellated patch at the anal angle, with one or two others of minor importance; in the modification of any or all of these does the variation we witness in these insects consist, except perhaps among the *Perconida*, where the colouring and direction of the markings in one or two of the species assume quite a different aspect. Short oblique streaks upon the costa are of very frequent occurrence, which are for the most part geminated, or arranged in pairs. These streaks are frequently produced or continued to the middle of the wing, and often to the opposite or dorsal margin. "The type of marking is simplest and most perfect in

the fasciated species of the genus *Tortrix* (*heparana*, *ribesana*, *cinnamomeana*), and least so in the genera *Capua*, *Bactra*, some of the *Peronea*, *Retinia*, *Endopisa*, and *Phtheochroa*. Of the above-mentioned marks, the central fascia is the most conspicuous, and generally present; next to this, the basal patch; then the subapical costal spot; and lastly, the ocelloid patch: the remainder do not require especial notice."

The perfect *Tortricina* are never a long time on the wing, and do not fly far from the plants and trees in which they dwelt as larvæ. The morning and evening are their principal times of flight, but there is no period in the day at which some species may not be seen on the wing: few varieties fly during the night. The season of their appearance is from March to November; but it is in May, June, and July that they are most numerous. Their lives are but short, lasting only a few days, just long enough for the propagation of their species: as soon as the eggs are deposited, the parents die.

Such is, in general terms, the extent of our knowledge respecting the group of insects which Mr. Wilkinson has made the object of especial study. Before the appearance of his book, the most important works on the subject were Mr. H. Doubleday's "Synonymic List of British Lepidoptera," published in 1849, and Mr. J. F. Stephens's Catalogue of Lepidoptera in the British Museum, published in 1852. The former of these works enumerated 294, the latter 310, species: Mr. Wilkinson, by adding some species and striking out others, fixes the number at 298. He makes considerable alterations in the general classification of the group, arranging it in nine families, which are further subdivided into 72 genera. He adopts peculiarities of structure as the basis of classification more entirely than any previous investigator, and founds his second family, the *Plicata*, upon the costal fold of the anterior wings—a peculiarity which, though previously noticed, has never before been used in classification. The most distinctive family-character is the ocelloid patch, which he describes as "a roundish mark at the anal angle, usually of a light ground-colour, enclosing several black spots or longitudinal lines: it is subject to great variation both in size and colour, and is not unfrequently edged or bordered with streaks or markings of a metallic lustre." This mark is wholly wanting in four of his families; almost wholly in a fifth; is more or less present in three more; and is well defined in the *Carpocapsidæ* only. He is far from considering his present classification as final, being on the contrary persuaded that important modifications will result from a further investigation of the insects in the larva and pupa state, in which conditions they are as yet almost entirely unknown. The great bulk of the volume is occupied by an elaborate catalogue raisonné of each individual species, executed with a minuteness of detail which renders it exhaustive as a description of known varieties. Mr. Wilkinson has throughout the book rigidly adhered to the principle, the importance of which cannot be too strongly impressed upon all writers on natural history, of never taking a description on trust, but always describing from the actual specimen. It follows, from the conscientious adoption of this principle, that in most cases the description is confined to the imago, or perfect insect; for it is only in comparatively few instances that actual specimens of the

larva and pupa are procurable: on this point especially Mr. Wilkinson earnestly invites the co-operation of all his brother entomologists. It is perhaps to be regretted that Mr. Wilkinson has not relaxed, in some degree at least, his resolution against the admission of synonymous names. The reason which he assigns for his determination, viz., his aversion to perpetuate the "Babel perplexity" of nomenclature, is a perfectly valid one, if there were any prospect of the immediate and universal adoption of that system which had been selected as the best by the best authorities. But since this prospect has never yet been realised in any branch of science, the entire omission of synonyms must surely somewhat narrow the utility, especially to the young student, of a book of reference like the present, by rendering more difficult its comparison with other books of the same class. This is, however, a minor omission which, if (as we do not doubt) Mr. Wilkinson's excellent manual meets with the reception that it deserves, he will ere long have the opportunity, and we hope the inclination, for remedying in a second edition.

The New World in 1859; being the United States and Canada, Illustrated and Described. With One Hundred and Thirty-five Engravings. (Bailliere.)

This volume may be best described as an American "Murray," being precisely the trans-Atlantic equivalent for one of the celebrated guide-books which bear that name. Like one of them, it is a compilation of extracts from various sources, on all kinds of subjects—statistical, geographical, biographical, descriptive, social, picturesque, commercial, political—in short a condensation of the class of knowledge which it is essential for the traveller to possess, whether he be statesman, merchant, tourist, or emigrant. Before we break bulk into this highly compressed mass of facts, it may be as well to indicate the general nature of the contents. The work has evidently been prepared for the especial benefit of the British, particularly those who are about to visit the States and Canada, and is divided into five parts. The first contains descriptions and illustrations of the principal cities on the Atlantic sea-board. The second is entitled "Scenes and Scenery," and is intended to describe by pen and pencil some of the most remarkable objects and places in the two countries. The third furnishes information for the benefit of emigrants and tourists about to visit Canada only. Part the fourth relates to public and social institutions, commerce, manufactures, customs, manners, and every-day life. The last section comprises miscellaneous information for emigrants and agriculturists. Each of these parts is pagged separately, and preceded by an index of contents and illustrations, so as to be complete in itself. Of the great amount of intelligence thus conveyed it is difficult to give an adequate idea. We must have recourse to arithmetic for the purpose. In Part I., thirty American cities are described, generally with an engraving to each, New York being illustrated by a series of excellent views—the Broadway, the Park and City Hall, the University, the Tombs, Custom House, Exchange, Free Academy, La Farge House, and several others. The beautiful architecture of Trinity Church, Broadway, and the Church of All Souls will surprise many readers. Washington, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Buffalo, Milwaukee, and a host

of other towns, are described in the same graphic way, the drawings for the engravings having been photographed on the wood by Price's new patent process, in order to insure accuracy. Besides all which, there are articles devoted to the general geography of the States, to its rivers and elevations, to the lives of the Presidents, including Washington and Mr. Buchanan, and sketches of the form and departments of the government. In describing New York, we find that the author speaks rather slightly of the merits of the police of that city; and very justly praises the accommodation and cheapness of the dining-saloons, and the street cars, which run upon rails in the main thoroughfares. We append the following account of a novelty in street conveyance:

"A new description of one-horse railroad car was started in New York last August, and a most comfortable car it is. Connected with it there is no conductor. The driver pulls up, you enter, put the amount of your fare down a slip near the roof, and it drops into a glass case. When the driver, who sees through the glass that the amount is correct, he touches a spring, and the coin falls down into a locked drawer underneath, the money never being touched by the driver, and beyond his reach. If you have no change, the driver will give you full change through a hole in the top of the omnibus. On entering the car you deposit the proper amount of fare as stated. The door is opened and shut by a strap in the hands of the driver, attached to the door."

The language of the above passage is not free from what an English reader must consider to be inaccuracies; and we are bound to say that similar instances are to be met with throughout the book; but the meaning is everywhere clear and forcible, and the peculiarities are such as possibly may not strike an American ear. Speaking of the wines of Cincinnati, the writer describes the vaults of Mr. N. Longworth, where are to be found upwards of 300,000 dozens of the celebrated "Catawba," of which there is a "sparkling" variety, said to be very like champagne. Mr. Longworth, he adds, is renowned for his extraordinary benevolence. In seasons of distress he distributes freely from 300 to 500 loaves of bread every week to the necessitous poor:

"In the distribution of his charity he is peculiar, if not eccentric. Many stories are told of him in this respect. As one which we have not seen published, and to give an idea of the man, we may mention, that when lately called upon by a deputation for his subscription to assist the 'Lord's poor,' his reply was, that he had enough to do in taking care of, and looking after, the 'Devil's poor,' it being, as we have said, the most degraded whom Mr. Longworth makes his peculiar choice."

In Part II. we must content ourselves by stating that no less than 180 different spots of interest to the tourist are described in a very clear and succinct manner, aided by 54 woodcuts. Out of these it is difficult to make a selection, but we may point to the descriptions of the Hudson River and its steamers of almost incredible size and splendour; of the Thousand Islands and the rapids on the St. Lawrence; of the Falls of the Minnehaha, celebrated in Longfellow's poem; of the "Pictured Rocks" of Lake Superior; of the Alleghany and Catskill Mountains; and of Niagara, as among the most striking features in a world of animated narrative. Nothing but a map seems wanting to make this portion of the work a most valuable guide to the traveller.

Part III. is of perhaps superior interest to the British reader, as being devoted to Upper and Lower Canada. The information here given is more minute and practical than before. We have, for instance, a valuable index of cities, towns, and villages in both districts; an official statement of the terms on which government grants of land are offered to the settler, with lists of the agents and their residences; and a variety of articles on the postal regulations, the money-order system, the banks, taxes, wages, and even to some extent on the legal institutions of the colony.

We hasten, however, to Part IV., entitled, "Things as they are in 1859," where the reader will find a great amount of amusement and instruction. We have first an account of a leviathan printing press, machines similar to which have lately, we believe, been introduced into the offices of our own *Times* and *Standard*; next of hotels, written in a spirited style, and pointing out, on the whole with much fairness and good sense, the contrasts between these establishments in the new and old country. A passage or two may, however, be found, written in the old Yankee style of brag and bluster about social matters, which we had hoped to find exploded. Speaking of hotel clubs, for instance, the writer is seized with a sudden passion to begin "whipping the universe:

"The clerks at hotels here are obliged, as they are generally found, to be civil, obliging, gentlemanly men; bred most likely as you yourself were, otherwise they could not occupy the post of book-keeper and cashier, and in many cases speaking (*sic*) three or four languages."

This assault upon the unsuspecting reader is very "smart," and indeed our author is generally amusing enough in this way, though his grammar is often at fault, as in the passage above; and he cannot refrain from indulging in numerous back-handed blows at Old England, which he might as well have avoided in a work intended to circulate extensively here. But perhaps he wished that there should be no mistake about his own breeding, at any rate; and we are all accustomed pretty well to the strange writhings of Brother Jonathan's sensitiveness. On the subject of "protection to trade" (not in the political sense), and of "banks and banking"—particularly the "wild-cat" variety of the latter—with its "sloped for Kansas" announcements, and "bank-note reporting system," the information is abundant and good. *Appropos* of railways, we are reminded of the "sleeping-cars" lately introduced on the Grand Trunk Railroad in Canada, and are favoured with a view of an American locomotive, "with 'cow-catcher' and all the other 'fixins' (*sic*) complete." In the article on "Attendance at Church" we are rather amused to find the following remarks on millinery thrown in, no doubt with the best intentions to promote a full attendance, but rather oddly associated with the idea of religious worship.

"On visiting the churches in the United States and Canada the stranger will find them well filled generally speaking. In summer time the ladies are to be seen going dressed in the most expensive muslins and laces, with bare arms, perhaps under elegant mantillas of the most zephyr thinness, displaying easily the shape of the figure, be it handsome or otherwise. In the autumn or 'fall' the most gorgeous silks, brocades, and velvets are worn. This being the age of 'hoops,' of course the ladies assume larger dimensions than usual; the use of that article in this country

being carried to as great excess as we think it possible to be done."

We have far from exhausted the topics of intelligence to be found in this part of the book, comprising accounts of the sleigh-driving and other sports and amusements of American homes, of elections, of the Shakers, of the exemption laws, and many other interesting matters, which it would be difficult to find so usefully collected together anywhere else.

The conclusion embraces all matters connected with the requirements and pursuits of emigrants, and seems admirably adapted for its purpose. We can sincerely recommend the volume as one of the most important in variety and extent of information of its peculiar class which has appeared for some time past.

England and Her Soldiers. By Harriet Martineau. (Smith & Elder.)

MISS MARTINEAU has gone back to the war in the Crimea. She has retraced the pages of that tangled history, wherein the vices of a system and the nobleness of an army, the folly of government and the ability of a few individuals, were more mingled together than ever before happened in the career of man. For which reason the story of the Crimean war will never wholly pall on the English heart, associated as it is with so much that stirs the passions and fires the blood—with the patriotism that glories in the mighty deeds done there, and with the righteous indignation that curses the administrative imbecility which went so near to ruin both England and her army. But so much has happened since, that it seems like reading the history of a former generation, when we sit down to reconsider the glories and the shortcomings of the Crimean war. So in fact it is; for there are generations in facts as well as in races, and the younger always push the elder from their places. The Indian mutiny stands nearer to us in point of time than the battle of the Alma, consequently it is more interesting to the public; and soon the war in Italy will overshadow both. It is only when we get to a certain distance in time that relative proportions in history become justly defined; present events are never in right perspective. For this reason only we fear that Miss Martineau's book will fall somewhat flat and dead upon the world. Borne up by her great name and the power of her genius, assuredly it will attain a certain success, and command a certain influence; but it is just so far out of date as that the interest of the subject on which it treats has been absorbed by a greater interest on a nearer event, and men are not naturally inclined to post-date their emotions.

The sources whence Miss Martineau has derived the statistics, &c., of her work, are to be found in the various Blue Books and letters with which the world was flooded so soon as the unpardonable mismanagement of things in the Crimea was made manifest. It is a sickening tale to read; and one wonders at the steady, calm, unimpassioned tone which Miss Martineau has been able to assume and maintain while treating of it. She states that she sought to "repress all weakening emotions," "to avoid both censure and praise," and "to be as impersonal as possible, in regard both to myself and to those whom, in their efforts to save our national armies, I would honour and serve." She has attained her object; and the book is all the more impressive from its quiet

statements of damaging facts without passionate comment or angry philippic. The whole history of mismanagement is gone through. The impropriety of the regulation dress, with its coarse, spongy scarlet cloth, apoplectic stock, and head-gear that was either hurtful or useless, its heavy knapsack straps that tightened the chest and impeded the action of the lungs, and its boots that went into holes after one day's heavy march; the coffee that was sent out unroasted and unground, "to preserve the aroma," and no provision made for roasting or grinding it when it got there; the insufficient supplies of food, clothing, medicine, beds, and hospital necessities, while thousands of cases were lying rotting on the shore, or choking up the warehouses, for want of some officially recognised authorities to receive and distribute them; the ship-loads of fresh vegetables that were flung into the sea when the troops on land were perishing from scurvy; the absence of all sanitary regulations, and the reckless sacrifice of the men's lives by the mere ignorance and stupidity of their commanders; the heroic fortitude with which the army bore all their unnecessary burdens and privations, never flinching and never complaining; and the wonderful exhibition of governmental formalism and bungling that was made for all Europe to scoff at—these are the chief themes which Miss Martineau has taken, handling them with her usual quiet power and uncompromising honesty. The man least to blame in all this confusion and wretchedness, was the much maligned Lord Raglan. He was always willing to do well and kindly by the men; and if he failed in the highest power of organisation, at least he did not fail in the wish to organise. If certain suggestions were made, and certain follies and abuses brought before him, he was ever willing to attend to them, and reform where he could reform. For instance, noon-day drill under a burning sun; bad spirits and sour wine, sold without stint or limit in a climate which of itself predisposed men to cholera and dysentery; unnecessary exposure of sentries to the sun; the sale of tainted meat; the sameness of the rations, which made healthy men ill, and weakened the strongest stomachs; the causes of foul smells which induced typhus and other diseases,—were all successively brought before him; and for each abuse he either attempted, or did actually provide, a remedy. But the authorities in England were hazy and slow; and the formalism which weighed heavily on the management at home nearly strangled the life out of the army abroad. While men were "dying off like sheep" for want of some rational system of management, gentleman-like officials at home argued over their iced champagne on the fearful irregularities that would ensue if such-and-such breaches of administrative discipline were allowed. It did not seem to enter into the minds of any, to conceive that human life was more valuable than the rules of a government office, or that the destruction of an army was of as much consequence as the maintenance of administrative etiquette. Things were done by the most accurate rule and measure; but whether they worked well or ill when done, did not enter into the programme. Huts were shipped in one transport, and the bolts and screws belonging to them in another; so that when they arrived they were not of so much use as if they had

still been growing all green and leafy in their native forests. News of a cargo of boots and shoes came like a gospel of charity at a time when men were foot-sore and shoeless, and the whole army kept unemployed for want of a few leathern coverings; but when the shoes were given out they were all found to be too small—scarcely large enough, indeed, for well-grown boys. In the hospitals the arrangements were worse than anything which we, in England, could imagine possible among Christians and civilised men; but until Miss Nightingale quietly and effectually set aside the imbecile regulations which refused all help or amelioration that was out of rule, nothing was done; and cholera, hospital gangrene, and starvation were left to their deadly work unmolested. All this misery, it must be remembered, was partially remediable even with the scanty means and appliances at hand. Much of it was wilfully brought about by the very men who ought to have prevented all. It was not of the absolute nature of things, that sick patients should not receive their food until five or six o'clock, and that when they did receive it, it should be in such a disgusting state they could not eat it. Neither was it one of the divine ordinances of life, that hospitals should be built on the slope of a hill, so as to receive all the drainage from the camp above, until the earth beneath the floors grew into a slimy fetid ooze, which of itself would have caused any amount of disease possible. It was not necessary that filth should be allowed to accumulate in the sick wards to such an extent that strong men were turned faint and sick when they entered, and the very attendants were forced to rush often into the open air, and save themselves from the same dangers; that there should be no means of ventilation, and no possibility of cleanliness or of the merest decency; that the wounded should be left to die of dirt, vermin, want of food, and want of attention; and that all this while thousands upon thousands of pounds were collected in England, for the one sole object of ameliorating the condition of the army—which thousands, however, did very little good, and fell strangely short of their destination. The *true* history of the Crimean war has yet to be written, and only a few men could thoroughly go into it. When, or if ever, that is done, we fear that more than official incapacity will be shown as the result.

From this short sketch it can easily be understood what manner of book Harriet Martineau has put forth—easily believed that she has worked at her subject with courage, power, and conscientiousness. Faithful in fact, and rich in suggestion, she has given us, in this volume, a very valuable addition to our present store of knowledge as to the conduct and condition of the Crimean troops; especially valuable at the present time when the future looks so black and threatening, and no one knows who may be called on next to take active service for or against the progress of the nations. If, unhappily for ourselves, we should be dragged into any struggle on any side, it is to be hoped that Miss Martineau's masterly *résumé* of the causes of our army's sufferings in the East may have its full weight, and help to convince government officials of the fact so patent to every one not in office, that they have yet to learn the true art and theory of military organisation. The administrative capacities of English gentlemen did not come out very brightly during the late war; and the common sense of the War Office and

the council chamber was on the same level. Wisdom comes by experience: and we can but hope with Harriet Martineau that the experience of the Crimean campaign may be sufficient for all time yet to come to official England.

A Few out of Thousands: their Sayings and Doings. By Augusta Johnstone, Author of "Woman's Preachings for Woman's Practice." (Groombridge & Sons.)

This volume contains twenty sketches by no means devoid of talent, although, generally speaking, very questionable in taste. We are by no means advocates for what was called some years ago "the silver fork school;" on the contrary, we would willingly give half-a-dozen fashionable novels for such sterling portraits of peasant and artisan life as "Mary Barton," and "John Halifax, Gentleman;" and it is consequently not the social position of the author's heroes and heroines to which we object, but simply the manner in which they are presented to the reader. The occasional introduction of French words (almost invariably incorrect either in gender or quantity), we also resolutely deprecate. To make use of a language with which the writer is only imperfectly acquainted is to play with edged tools, and is moreover at once a useless and a vicious habit when our own racy Anglo-Saxon can express more forcibly an author's meaning. The locality adopted by Miss or Mrs. Johnstone (from certain passages in the book bearing heavily upon the lordly sex, we suspect the former,) is evidently that attractive suburb known (or unknown) as Islington; while there are two or three extraordinarily startling revelations in the volume, as regards the habits and customs of the respectable class of tradesmen, which, we confess, astonished us not a little. In justice to the author we will, however, make an extract from the sketch, entitled "The Workwomen's Ball," the longest, and most carefully elaborated tale which the work contains:

"Mr. and Mrs. Honeyman live in a large, roomy, old-fashioned house, which looks into the yard belonging to the manufactory (of shirts, shirt-collars, the convenient, but slovenly clerk's 'dickey,' braces, slippers, carpet-bags, neckties, &c., &c.), and Mr. Honeyman sallies out every morning at nine o'clock to superintend the retail establishment in Cheapside, a branch of which is carried on at the West End by Mr. Peter Honeyman, the eldest son, who has married what his parent is pleased to term a fine lady, that is to say, the dandy daughter of a Piccadilly tradesman. But Mrs. Peter brought her husband a good fortune, and so old Thomas Honeyman tries to be contented with what he calls her 'confounded airs,' of which, to say the truth, the shrewd old gentleman, her father-in-law, has by no means accused her wrongfully. Pretty, *minauder* (sic), and frivolous, Mrs. Peter is at the same time indolent, useless, and selfish. She is one of those ladies who faint at any crisis which requires presence of mind, who sicken at the sight of blood, who study their own nerves more than a fellow-creature's comfort, and who are mostly fretful, unhealthy, and complaining, for want of better occupation. Mrs. Peter never visited her husband's father and mother without arriving in her own brougham, and, moreover, throwing the entire household into confusion."

This admirable personage has reason to suspect that Arthur Honeyman, her brother-in-law, has formed an attachment for a certain Kate Page, the forewoman of the workroom; and feeling her personal dignity involved by the prospects of so ignoble an

alliance, she persecutes the poor girl most unrelentingly; or, to avail ourselves of the words of Miss Johnstone, "she lost no opportunity of what she called—in that elegant slang, now so frequently in vogue among ladies who rank higher, perhaps, in the social scale than Mrs. Peter—having a dig at Kate."

There is considerable power in the stories called "The Self-Made Man," and "The Bread-Winners;" but it is of a morbid and painful description especially distasteful to us; and we sincerely trust that on any future occasion when Miss Johnstone may resolve to give a work to the public, she will suffer herself to be influenced rather by the gentle and womanly impulses of nature, than by those darker and fiercer developments of passion which should only be evolved by the sterner hand of that sex which was created expressly to "bear the heat and turmoil of the day."

A Manual of Geographical Science; Mathematical, Physical, Historical, and Descriptive. Part II. (J. W. Parker & Son.)

AFTER a delay of some years, Messrs. Parker have at length given to the public the second volume of their "Manual of Geographical Science." The first volume was devoted to those branches of the subject which are usually considered as being of a more especially scientific nature, viz., Mathematical and Physical Geography, Chartography, and Geographical Terminology. Messrs. Parker, however, taking a more extended view of the domain of geographical science, include within it a historical sketch of the progress of geographical knowledge, and a descriptive account of the different countries of the earth, both in ancient and modern times. These are the subjects which are treated of in the present volume. The descriptive account of ancient geography has been executed by the Rev. W. L. Bevan; and the performance of the same office for modern geography has been entrusted to the Rev. C. G. Nicolay, F.R.G.S., who has also contributed a section on the progress of maritime discovery. No distinct place is assigned to the historical sketch of the progress of geographical knowledge; but the earlier portion of it is comprised in the first chapter of the account of ancient geography, while the later portions are scattered throughout the volume, the description of each of the principal portions of the earth's surface being preceded by a brief chronological summary of the sources of our knowledge respecting it.

The manner in which the volume before us is executed affords, we are inclined to think, a sufficient excuse for the delay which has attended its publication. A compilation of so extended and laborious a nature must necessarily, if carefully performed, be a work of no short duration. As far as we have been able to examine it, we are enabled to speak very favourably of the diligence and accuracy with which Mr. Bevan has discharged the duties allotted to his share. The introductory historical chapter gives, within a moderate compass, a very complete and satisfactory summary of the earliest sources of geographical knowledge, together with an account of the different ideas which were entertained at different periods respecting the extent and configuration of the earth. In the descriptive portion which follows he does not in any material respect depart from the plan which

is usually adopted in treatises of this class; describing, in the first place, the boundaries and principal physical features of a country, then enumerating its political divisions, and finally indicating the most important towns in each. As a general rule, he adds the modern name of each mountain, river, and town, in all cases in which it can be ascertained with certainty; and he intersperses with great judgment just enough historical information to render his work an easily available companion to the student of ancient history. Altogether, he has succeeded in producing a manual of ancient geography which may at least challenge comparison with any that has hitherto been submitted to the public.

Of Mr. Nicolay's descriptive account of modern geography we propose to speak somewhat more in detail, inasmuch as it is constructed on a plan which is a decided improvement upon that which has generally characterised previous geographical works. Within a comparatively recent period the method of geographical instruction has undergone an important revolution. In former times the writer of a geographical treatise devoted his attention principally to the political boundaries of a country and to an enumeration of its most important towns, the completeness and detail with which the task was executed varying according to the diligence of the author and the size to which his work was intended to run. The great object apparently was, to crowd the greatest number of proper names into the smallest possible compass. Rivers and mountains were indeed enumerated, but with no sort of recognition of the fact that they deserved a notice differing either in kind or degree from that which was bestowed upon towns. Geography was, in fact, regarded as in a peculiar sense subservient to history; and the details which were chiefly dwelt upon were those which owed their very existence to historical events and human agency. As to the question of the efficacy of this mode of geographical teaching, we leave it to be determined by the unprejudiced verdict of every one who in his school-boy days has groaned (and who has not?) over Bishop Butler's or Goldsmith's Geography, and who will candidly ask himself how much of whatever geographical knowledge he may at present possess was derived from these venerable sources. Now, however, the matter is regarded from a totally different point of view. At last we recognise the fact that it is not history which has created geography, but geography which has to a most important extent influenced and modified the course of history. Dr. Arnold, in his "Introductory Lectures on Modern History," was, we believe, one of the first to introduce to public notice the correct view of the importance to the historical student of a competent knowledge of geography, by showing the extent to which the history of a people is influenced by the physical features of the country which they inhabit. The position of towns is dependent on the course of rivers, and the course of rivers on the direction of mountain-chains. The key, therefore, to the physical configuration of a country is to be found in an examination of its osseous skeleton, i.e., of its principal and subordinate mountain-ranges, which constitute the principal and subordinate water-sheds of the country. The effects of this improved view of geographical study are naturally perceptible in the present generation of maps. The old school of maps, in which the mountains and rivers

were roughly and feebly indicated, and whose object was to cover every line of space with the name of a town, is fast dying out, and is being replaced by one which does at least make an attempt to represent the physical features of a country. At length we are beginning to recognise that this should be the primary object of every map, on whatever scale it may be constructed; and to acknowledge that the number of names which can advantageously be introduced into a map is, of necessity, limited by its size. In this respect much still remains to be done; but, the principle being once admitted, we may fairly hope to witness its more extended application.

As we have already intimated, Mr. Nicolay's account of modern geography is based entirely upon physical configuration, to the almost entire exclusion of political or historical considerations. Beginning with an introductory chapter, in which he treats of the distribution, proportion, position, and contour of land on the surface of the globe, he proceeds to take each continent in succession, and, after briefly noticing its boundaries, to investigate at once its primary and subordinate water-sheds. The direction of these being established, he proceeds to trace the course of the principal rivers, and divides each continent into sections which are based upon these physical, rather than upon the ordinary political, considerations. So rigidly does he adhere to the physical principle, that he entirely omits all mention of towns. He also gives a brief account of the vegetation, natural products, and geological formation of each continent. The different groups of islands he treats in precisely the same manner. In the section devoted to maritime discovery, he gives a well-digested and interesting summary of its progress, from the earliest voyages of the middle ages to the latest Arctic researches of Franklin and his followers.

From the foregoing remarks the reader will have no difficulty in forming a judgment of the scope and object of this volume, as well as of the principles on which it is executed. The nature of the work, and the compression to which it has of necessity been subjected are incompatible with any particular elegance of composition: but the book is clear and well written, and conveys its immense mass of information in as readable a form as possible. It appears from some references contained in the work, that it is intended to be accompanied by an atlas, which, however, we have not yet seen. Taken together, the two volumes form a manual of geographical knowledge, which may safely be recommended to all who desire completeness, compactness, and accuracy of detail.

The Earliest Days of Protestantism in France. From its Origin to the first National Synod of 1559. [Les premiers jours du Protestantisme, &c.] By H. de Triqueti. (Paris: Aux Librairies Protestantes.)

History of the French Reformation. [Histoire de la Réformation Française, &c.] By F. Puaux. (Paris: Michel Lévy, Frères.)

EXACTLY three hundred years ago, in the last week of May, 1559, the scattered Protestant Churches of France assembled for the first time in National Synod at Paris. Henri Quatre was a boy of six; the year before, the Emperor Charles V. had expired in his monastic seclusion; it was the first year of our own

Queen Elizabeth's reign, and the last of that of France's second Henry. Persecuted but increasing, the Protestant Churches of France felt that the time was come for formal union. In the spring of the preceding year, the fashionable promenaders of the *Pré-aux-Clercs*, on the left bank of the Seine, opposite the Tuileries, had been startled in their evening saunterings by bands of young university students, singing in chorus the psalms of David, in the vernacular and metrical version of Clement Marot. At the instigation of the Sorbonne, indeed, the authorities interfered to suppress what, with a wonderful similarity to the language of our days, were styled "alarming demonstrations." But in numerous congregations and private meetings, through the length and breadth of France, Protestant worship was more or less openly performed. French Protestantism was becoming a "great fact." It wanted a confession of faith and a settled form of government. These were given it by the Synod of 1559. Since then, French Protestantism has gone through many phases. It has been almost triumphant, and then again it has been nearly quenched in the blood which flowed on the frightful day of St. Bartholomew. It has welcomed the Edict of Nantes, and wept over a revocation. Not a hundred years have elapsed since the tragedy of the Calas, and the communion which had to thank Voltaire for his intervention has, in our own day, seen one of its most active and prominent members, M. Guizot, elevated to the Premiership of France. The first of the two works placed at the head of this article attests the life and vitality of Protestantism in contemporary France. It was prepared in honour of the third jubilee, which was to have been celebrated this week at Paris by the Reformed Churches of France; and, in commemoration a medal has been struck, representing the first President of the Synod pronouncing the prayer which closed its first convocation, three hundred years ago. The work of M. Puaux is of a much more elaborate kind, and promises to possess a permanent interest. If the future volumes are as well executed as this first one, M. Puaux's will be the history of French Protestantism, in spite of the existence of M. de Félice's excellent summary. M. Puaux is a native of the Cevennes, he informs us, and a descendant of the heroic Camisards. He has an hereditary right to celebrate the heroisms and martyrdoms, the sufferings and triumphs, of French Protestantism. For, inheriting from his forefathers an earnest attachment to the Reformed Faith, he displays, moreover, not only scholarship and general information, but temper and candour. He can at once deplore the conduct of Calvin to Servetus, and recognise a slender amount of worth in the characters of such kingly persecutors of the French Protestants as Francis I. and Henry II. The careful and often original research displayed in the volume is considerable. Much of the history of early French Protestantism lies buried in rare tracts and pamphlets printed in secret, disseminated with danger, and frequently, as the author observes, "possessing a value equal to that of the most precious manuscripts." From these M. Puaux has gleaned many hitherto unnoted particulars, and his frequent citations in the language of the originals are full of the charm which belongs to antique expression in its quaintest simplicity of diction.

M. Puaux purposes to divide his work into

three parts. The first will include the period from the birth of the Reformation in France to the Edict of Nantes; the second will comprise that between the promulgation and the revocation of the celebrated Edict; the third is to chronicle the history of French Protestantism from the last-named epoch to our own day. The volume now before us is but an instalment of the first part. The narrative reaches no further than the convocation of the synod already referred to, or, at latest, the death, very soon afterwards, of Henry II. of France. At this period, French Protestantism was, as we have said, a "great fact;" a few years later (in 1562), and we find in the work of M. de Triqueti a list of no fewer than three hundred and thirty-four Protestant churches then existing in France. But the significance of French Protestantism was not as yet political and social as well as religious. It had not yet grown to be the power that afterwards terrified Charles IX. and for a time inspired the career of Henry of Navarre. Indeed, nothing is more striking in the early history of French Protestantism than the comparative insignificance of its leaders and promoters. The earliest French Protestant of note, Lefèvre d'Étaples, the translator of the New Testament into French, has not, like Wickliffe, Luther, and Knox, bequeathed a name to history. Calvin and Beza are rather seeming than real exceptions. Calvin and Beza were no doubt Frenchmen by birth, but the chief sphere of their direct activity was not France, but Switzerland. The most daring and combative of French Protestants, up to 1559, almost invariably exiled themselves, and found a refuge and a battle-field on foreign soil. Nor was their action on their countrymen always of the wisest kind. The annals of early French Protestantism present numerous and noble instances of martyrdom, but it was much more rarely a martyrdom provoked by the sufferers than one inflicted through the vigilance of the predominant and persecuting party. M. Puaux gives a minute account of the episode of "the Placards," a notable one in French history, though probably little known to English readers. It is a curious illustration of what we have advanced. The Protestant church of Paris had decided on a prudent course of conduct—the performance of worship in secret, and a conformity in secular externals to those among whom their lot was cast. Some opposition was manifested to this policy; and a member named Feret was deputed to visit the French reformers of Savoy and Switzerland, and take counsel with them. They advised an open and public rupture. Feret returned, the bearer of a fiery pamphlet against the mass, which he had composed during his tour. On the excited and impatient morning of the 18th of October, 1534, the Parisians were surprised to find the streets all placarded with little treatises, violently denunciatory of the mass. There was one affixed even to the king's closet! King, priesthood, and populace were alike enraged. The immediate result was the delivery of six Protestants to the stake, the monarch and the clergy of Paris "assisting" in state. Then followed the promulgation and execution of a series of rigorous edicts against the Protestants.

M. Puaux deplores this excess of Protestant zeal all the more acutely, that it was manifested just at the time when Francis I. thought of calling to his councils the amiable and persuasive Melancthon. More than once, in truth, during his reign, it seemed as if Protestantism was on the

point of being favoured by the brilliant and not ungenerous Francis. In the case of France, there was absent at least one of the causes which, from a merely human point of view, obstructed the progress of Protestantism in some other countries in Europe. The kings of France fostered in the Gallican church a feeling of independence of the Pope. Francis I., unlike Charles V., was no loyal subject of the Pope or Popedom. To this negative influence was to be added the positive one exerted on her brother by Margaret de Valois, the protectress of the Protestants and the patroness of Clement Marot, whom M. Puaux, more epigrammatically than felicitously, styles the "Spiritual Beranger" of the epoch. She failed; but when she died—ten years before the convocation of the first Protestant synod of France—she had succeeded in procuring the marriage of her daughter to the King of Navarre; and Jeanne d'Albret was the mother of Henri Quatre, to whom French Protestantism owed the Edict of Nantes. Brilliant and showy, but wavering and dissolute, Francis I. listened to Clement VII., instead of summoning Melancthon. Had it been otherwise, how different might have been the destiny of France and of Europe. The problem of Protestantism, in its relation to the French sovereigns and people, is one of the most interesting in history. True light is thrown upon it in M. Puaux's first volume, and more may be anticipated from those which are to follow.

Das Königsbuch der alten Ägypter, von Dr. Richard Lepsius. Berlin, imp. 4to. (Hertz.) *Erste Abtheilung*: (169 pages) Text and (23) *synoptische Tafeln der ägyptischen Dynastien*. *Zweite Abtheilung*: (73) *hieroglyphische Tafeln*, with 987 roy 1 shields and numerous varieties.

Chronology. By Franke Parker, M.A., with an extended table in folio. viii., and 820 pages, 8vo., and 16 folio tabl's. (John Henry & James Parker.)

The XXII. Egyptian Royal Dynasty, with some Remarks on XXVI. and other Dynasties of the new Kingdom. By Dr. Richard Lepsius, translated by William Bell, Esq., Ph.D. with two lithographic plates of genealogies. Pp. 504, privately printed.

Transactions of the Chronological Institute of London, being a selection of Papers read on chronological subjects. 303 pages, 8vo. (Bohn, and Trübner & Co.)

CHRONOLOGY, the science of time, with Geography, the science of place, have been aptly termed the eyes of history or of humanity. As the actual eyes are to the natural body the principal adits of subjective intelligence, so these feigned optics bear proportion to the objective knowledge we seek to gain of external facts and scenes. Geography, as capable of great illustration and pictorial embellishment, is the more attractive science: it comes vividly home to every-day scenes or distant wanderings, and has therefore had in all ages numerous votaries, and in our own can boast the many societies and incorporated bodies frequently under royal patronage, which almost every civilised state possesses. With Chronology the case is different: treating, as it does exclusively, only with distant dates, dependent on dry series of figures and minute divisions of time, which, like the features of a landscape, become more indistinct the farther they recede, and ultimately, at the

vanishing point, run so into each other, that it requires a nice eye and strong discrimination to separate the individual forms; from such analogy the science of time is far less attractive to the general student than its more gorgeously decked sister.

Yet, if History, the science of humanity, and to which Pope's line can be best applied, that "the proper study of mankind is man," if it is not to become a mere confused heap of facts, if the great benefit to be derived from it of tracing the workings of cause and consequences from the first rude elements of social life to our present height of civilisation and refinement, if Clio is not to lose her peculiar characteristic of experience teaching by example, her lessons must be methodised and put in order. It is, therefore, with peculiar satisfaction that we hail in our own country the first associated body possessed by any portion of the globe, which has taken chronology as the peculiar object of its researches, under the title of the "Chronological Institute of London," and the first fruit of its labours is the volume which is the last of those at the head of this article. In looking through it, we find many of the most abstruse questions of history very satisfactorily discussed—in Assyrian and Biblical History by the treasurer, J. W. Bosanquet, and by the Rev. Lord Arthur Hervey; and two or more secular subjects by the hon. secretary, with many others which will either satisfy the reader upon many vexed questions, or give him subject matter of thought and consideration if he differ from the result.

The second work on our list, by the Rev. Franke Parker, very largely treats on scriptural dates without neglecting the synchronical events of profane history, in which he fixes on the Arundelian marble now at Oxford, first edited by Selden, and subsequently more carefully by Dean Prideaux, as the most important document; he published an abstract of his work in two numbers of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, given afterwards as a separate pamphlet, under the title, "The Parian Chronicle subversive of the Common Chronology." The extent of the work and its range, from the creation to the crucifixion, preclude of course any special investigation of the author's reasons for this determination; the following extract from his pamphlet will give some idea of his views:

"The marble era comprised a period of 1,318 years, beginning with the first year of Cecrops, the first king of Athens; and, according to my interpretation, the first of these 1,318 years must have been the forty-second after the death of Alexander the Great; that is, I calculate that the death of Alexander must have been in the forty-second year of the marble era, and, consequently, the marble must have been erected in the second year of the 124th Olympiad, that is in B.C. 283, according to the common Chronology. But, according to Selden, the marble must have been erected in B.C. 263; that is, the 4451st year of the Julian period, that is, the second year of the 129th Olympiad.

"Thus, between Selden and myself, there is a variation of twenty years as to the distance of the events recorded on the marble from this present time."

The first and third works on our list are by the same author, both more especially on Egyptian Chronology and Monuments, of which the author is undoubtedly the best living limner and expositor. In the first he goes through the entire series of Manethos' list for the thirty-two dynasties which ruled in Egypt in the new kingdom; discusses largely the date of the fall of Troy, and has many

pages devoted to the succession of the kings of Israel and Judah, and their transactions with the sovereigns of Assyria and Egypt. Some of his views as regards Biblical history are curious, and as they may be new to many of our readers, we are induced to give a translation of a portion of them, from p. 100 of the work:

"It is well known that numerous contradictions are found in the figures of Kings and Chronicles, which have frequently been debated on, and latest and most satisfactorily explained by Mr. Niebuhr (p. 801). The separate numbers which the authorised version gives for the kings of Israel to the captivity of Hosea, the last king, make 242 years; but for the kings of Judah to the same period 261, a difference therefore of 19 years. M. Vignolles has given the detailed views of former commentators, to bring this discrepancy into an agreement by a critical elucidation of each date, and he has surpassed all his predecessors in his attempt. His investigations led him to adopt shortening in the Jewish royal series of sixteen years. We have in the Book of Kings the annals of Judah and Israel worked up in a blended version. It was from this blending of the originally separate histories that a comparison of the reigns of both series was necessitated, even if not a later introduction into the text. They must have less weight than the totals, as these must have been in the original text. Errors could have arisen in them either from faulty copying or a false computation of the accountant, whilst the blunders of the comparative numbers may, besides an unexact reckoning, also have arisen, where contradictory, from the introduction of statements from various authors. Not that these comparative numbers are entirely to be disregarded, as we may learn from the first attempt at their correction."

Our limits preclude our following the learned writer into the very able and detailed mode of correcting these errors, which he concludes by a synoptical table of the successions of every king of Israel and Judah with those of Egypt, and the astronomical canon, from his own researches. The above will, however, give an idea of the scope and value of one portion of his work, and cause us to lament that its extent and illustration will possibly prevent an English translation.

The last work we notice is the latest of the same author, "The XXII. Egyptian Dynasty, with some remarks on XXVI," &c., translated by Dr. William Bell, with some later corrections and additions furnished by the author, together with the use of the beautiful metallic hieroglyphical types and two lithographs, without which it would have been impossible to have given a satisfactory version; on the two tables we have actual genealogies of the Egyptian rulers and their families, with their royal cartouches, as figured on the surviving monuments of that country.

We cannot, however, conclude our remarks without adverting to the principal test by which astronomers of the present day verify certain events, from calculating the eclipses said to have taken place at their dates.

The most famous is that battle on the Halys, during which an eclipse of the sun, predicted by Thales, so terrified both armies, as related by Herodotus ("Clio," c. 74), that they mutually gave over fighting. The other is related in various authors in the history of Agathocles, the Sicilian, who, when sailing to carry on the war against the Carthaginians in Africa, observed a solar eclipse, which, when his soldiers were disheartened at the portent, he artfully turned to his own advantage. (Justin, lib. xxii.)

Considerable uncertainty arises, however, from the circumstance that these narratives of the above, and similar events, have not been recorded with sufficient exactness for astronomical treatment, where not only the year and day, but the hour, must be given, as necessary data; by such omission considerable play is allowed for the differing computations of astronomers, as, for instance, in the first of the above examples, the dates 585 and 603 B.C. are manfully defended by competing authorities, and in the second, some circumstances are mixed up with the narrative which render any calculation open to cavil. Much would depend on a regular rotation of the moon's orbit, which, it is asserted, has now an increased secular acceleration compared with former remote periods, and if we are rightly informed, by a communication recently made to the Royal Astronomical Society, this acceleration is proved much larger than formerly supposed. This variation in the moon's orbit must necessarily render uncertain all astronomical calculations for remote periods based on present phenomena.

It would be desirable to test this accurately, and, fortunately, there exists the record of a total eclipse of the sun at a very remote period, which, we believe, has not had sufficient attention paid to it by modern astronomers for this purpose.

It is a relation by Thucydides of an event of his own time, and of which he was particularly called upon, as the historian of the Peloponnesian War, to take careful notice. The event happened in the first year of that unhappy contest, 3rd August, B.C. 431; but to prevent doubt, he will give his own words, from Book ii. cap. 28:

"Τοῦ δ' αὐτοῦ θέρους νοῦμερία κατὰ σελήνην, ὥσπερ καὶ μόνον δοκεῖ εἶναι γίγνεσθαι δυνατόν, ὁ ἥλιος ἐξέλιπε μετὰ μεσημβρίαν καὶ πάλιν ἀνελήνθη τὸ γενόμενον μηνιοῦς, καὶ ἀστέρων τιῶν ἐκφανέντων.

To avoid any misconception we subjoin Smith's translation:

"The same summer on the first day of the lunar month, at which time alone it can possibly fall out, there was an eclipse of the sun in the afternoon. The sun looked for some time like (the crescent of) the moon, and some stars appeared, but the full orb shone out afterwards (in all its lustre)."

We have italicised those portions which give every factor that an astronomer would wish for, and which Scaliger ("De Emend. Temporis," fol. 1629, p. 82) seems to have used, since he is so exact for various corroborative synchronisms. See also Clinton's "Fas. Hell." II. p. 68.

Here, then, we have a test for present astronomical accuracy at the distance of nearly twenty-three centuries, with which, if our present observations should coincide and confirm, we need not further question them, whereby to fix the other facts, synchronising with noted eclipses, to their proper dates, and thus give numerous exact starting points, from which we may place intervening facts in their regular order. By this method we should, no doubt, have a more correct, at all events a more satisfactory succession of ancient events than we may now possess.

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THE LITERARY FUND.

FOR motives which will be understood and appreciated by the majority of our readers, we have abstained hitherto from commenting on the recent decision at which the Committee of the Literary Fund have arrived. They have declined the offer of a very handsome library, and the large sum of 10,000*l.* for its sustentation and increase. The proposers and promoters of the gift have now placed their case before the public through organs chosen by themselves, and we have, therefore, the whole transaction in a clear and intelligible light.

Before entering into the examination of facts, let us say a few words about feelings. A great deal has been written on both sides calculated only to excite ill-will, and we think any fair and really candid inquirer will come to the conclusion that in the whole question there is no wrong side, there has been no unfair dealing, no dishonourable motives; there has been, and still is, a difference of judgment—nothing more.

Few persons who take any interest in literary matters are ignorant of the fact that for some years past the Committee of the Literary Fund have met with a determined and strenuous opposition on the part of a small but powerful party within the corporation; year after year, the grounds of this opposition have been brought forward, and an endeavour made to introduce very important changes into the Society. It has been, and still is, contended, on the part of the opposition, that the expenses of collection and management in the Literary Fund form much too large a per centage on the income, and that in fact they amount to a heavy tax on those who are compelled to seek assistance from the fund. We shall not enter at large into this question—the corporation, at its general meetings, has declared many times that these expenses are absolutely necessary, and cannot be materially reduced. In this view we think they are perfectly right, and they have had for some years a large majority on their side. The opposition, however, continues. It has been always carried on with the most gentlemanly courtesy, but with a pertinacity which promises no relaxation. No one is entitled, probably no one is disposed, to attribute any but the highest and purest motives to its leaders; but that the existence of a regular and systematic opposition is of itself hurtful to the Fund few will be hardy enough to deny.

At the last meeting there was, however, a lull; the usual amendments were not proposed, the usual strictures were not offered, and the gentlemen who usually offered them were absent from the room. The reason of this has been, that on the part of some benefactor who does not choose to reveal his name, an offer has been made, under certain conditions, to the corporation of a large library in reversion, and a reversionary interest in 10,000*l.*, in order that the said library might be kept up and increased. This offer was made through two of the gentlemen most active in the opposition—hence the withdrawal of the opposition itself, while the acceptance of the gift was under consideration; hence the announcement of its renewal now that the gift has been declined.

Their reason for declining so munificent a present has been briefly stated by the Committee: they do not see any beneficial consequences which could accrue to the Fund

from their acceptance of the offer; and on the validity of this reason the literary world is now called to judge.

There has never been a moment's doubt as to the *bonâ fide* character of the offer, and the correspondence on the subject between the Committee and the proposers shows that the latter were willing to meet any objection which they thought at all reasonable. They consented that a deed of gift should be executed to make the reversion an absolute one—that is, to reduce the rights of the present holders both of books and money to a life interest. They agreed that in case of the destruction of the library during the life of the present possessors, the money should on their decease be handed over to the trustees of the Fund, for its *general purposes* (a provision of unusual liberality), for it was undoubtedly competent for them to say: "We will insure the library, and replace it in case of its destruction; defraying such expenses out of the 10,000*l.* which are to accompany it."

But this magnificent offer was made on certain conditions, and one of these was that a new charter should be obtained, the effect of which would soon be to remove the institution from its present footing, and place it on one, in the judgment of the opposition far more effective and advantageous. When the expenses of a new charter were urged, the proposers of the gift replied that 300*l.* would cover them all; that this sum would easily be raised by a subscription; and that in fact they had half of it in hand already. Now it must be admitted that to refuse a library and ten thousand pounds, on behalf of a public institution bearing the title of *literary*, is in itself an unpopular step; it does not at the first blush look wise or liberal. We have not too many libraries; one devoted to the poorer class of literary men would unquestionably be a great boon. The proposers stand well; they offer their splendid present without any cost, for we have no doubt that they would themselves furnish all the money for the charter, were that condition required of them. On the other hand, the Committee are in a bad light; they can only say, "We will not take your money, we will not take your books, because we think they will do us no good." The proposers say the founder contemplated a library—there is a library already existing, and the Committee have always hitherto encouraged donations to it. All this is true; and they must combat the apparent inconsistency as they best can. They must fight, not to have, but to decline so magnificent an endowment.

Now, the question is, are they justified in so acting? We think they are; there are institutions to which a library would be merely an incumbrance, and a fund for supporting it useless. Who would think of making the Fire Escape Society more efficient by a noble and continually increasing library? There must be a congruity between gifts and recipients—a life-boat is an admirable thing, but it would be a very useless present to the London Hospital. Everybody would laugh at such a donation, and simply because the very title of the institution shows the inaptitude of the gift. Now, it must be borne in mind that the Literary Fund is not a corporation for promoting literary objects; it has no more to do with them than the General Omnibus Company has. Its design is to aid literary persons who have fallen into difficulties, and for that purpose it is evidently necessary that the managers should be

judges of literary claims, but its connection with letters goes not beyond this.

It is wholly and solely a charitable foundation, and it is in no respect more needful that it should possess a fine library, than that a society for the relief of distressed shoemakers should possess a fine collection of boots and shoes, lasts, hob-nails, and lapstones. The Committee came to the resolution that a library would be *useless* to the corporation; they would, on the same ground, have refused a coach and six, with funds to keep it up, or a well-found yacht with a similar provision. It has been said that such an addition would remove the purely eleemosynary nature of the institution, and that applicants for its bounty would feel less degraded than they do at present. To this we answer, first, that literary men do not feel degraded, as matters now stand, in appealing to the Fund in case of need; and secondly, that if any literary person in distress did feel any degradation in applying, we do not very clearly see how such a feeling would be removed by the fact that the corporation possessed ten thousand pounds and a library.

Again, we cannot help perceiving that the Committee have been helped to their determination by the line

"Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes;"

they are quite willing to admit that the proposers have no other object in view than the welfare of the society; but they are certainly seeking that welfare by the removal of the present management. No imputation is to rest upon them for this, they have a perfect right to use every fair and honourable means to get rid of a system which they believe to be a wrong one, and the Committee could not but feel that the very proposal had put the opposition in a favourable light. If the gift were accepted, then power would accrue to the givers, and by means of this they would soon be able to introduce such changes as they thought necessary. If it were declined, still they would stand in a popular, and those who declined it in an unpopular position, and the weight of their opposition be increased accordingly. Strategically considered the move has been a skilful one, and nobody has a right to call it unfair. But we do not think it will be successful, nor can we wish it success.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE great event of the week has undoubtedly been the consecration of All Saints Church, Margaret Street. Of the church itself, with its mediæval paintings; its stained windows, its coloured bricks; its gilding and its varnish; its tessellated floor and its decorated roof; its pre-Raphaelite saints and its austere virgins; its marbles and its carved oak; we shall speak in another place. Here we shall only say that it has cost not far short of one hundred thousand pounds, and that it has very much the air of having done so. It has a high altar (which is made of wood and moveable) with a richly gilt cross over it. It has a long chancel, a baptistery separated by solid walls from the body of the church, and in fine, there is not a square inch of the whole building which is not deeply symbolical. The Bishop of London in the consecration sermon laid down two points, one was that there was nothing inconsistent with true spiritual Christianity in the employment of the highest style of art in the decoration of the house of God; the other was that these things in themselves, however desirable as an evidence that nothing was considered too costly for God's service, yet added nothing to the efficacy of prayer or the value of preaching. The sermon has not given entire satisfaction, though we hardly see how anything more could be said.

We hear with great satisfaction that a Scientific Fund is to be inaugurated shortly on a similar plan to the Literary Fund. It is under the consideration of the Royal Society at the present time, but, as the details are not yet finally arranged, we do not feel at liberty to speak more fully on the subject at present.

The Ladies' National Association for the Diffusion of Sanitary Knowledge, the principal object being the preservation of the health of children, was established about two years since for the promotion of a special branch of sanitary reform; and, by means of institutions and private classes for the instruction of nurses and ladies, by the influence of tract-literature and the loan of books, and by lectures, it is earnestly hoped that the good and patriotic intentions of this Association may be successfully carried out. Some useful and suggestive tracts, well worthy the attention of mothers in every grade of society, have been already published by Groombridge & Son, Paternoster Row, and Library and Lecture Rooms have been secured at 14A, Princes Street, Cavendish Square.

We are glad to observe, from a notice sent to the subscribers, that Mr. Roach Smith's "Illustrations of Roman London" is almost completed. In forty-two quarto plates and numerous woodcuts the archaeologist may be sure of receiving the full worth for his money. Indeed, from what we have seen of the illustrations (several of which are coloured), the author has evidently been more anxious to please his subscribers than consult his own pecuniary interest; and we almost regret he has only printed a very limited number of copies beyond those actually subscribed for.

A new member has been added to the family of the metropolitan penny papers. Of all the wonders of our time the success of a penny paper is the greatest. Yet it now seems to be secured—so secured as that there is no probability of the race becoming extinct. How at such a price a foreign correspondence can be kept up, how a staff of reporters can be maintained, is not easy to be comprehended; but it is done. There is, however, one other class of papers published at one penny, of which as yet we have only one specimen—the *City Press*. This paper contains historical and archaeological articles of the very highest merit; lives—evidently written with great care and by competent scholars—of all persons connected with the city of London; and, in short, a vast mass of well-digested information, such as is only to be obtained elsewhere for at least thirty times the price. This is quite as remarkable in its way as the establishment of a daily paper at one penny. One penny seems to be fast becoming the normal price for everything. We have a penny postage, penny papers, and penny photographs, we shall now look for penny operas and penny excursion tickets.

An extremely interesting course of lectures is about to be delivered at Willis's Rooms, by a learned and accomplished German, Dr. Semler, on the writings of Schiller and Goethe. The lectures will be delivered in the German language on the Wednesdays in June and July, commencing with June 8. He proposes to point out the peculiarities of the genius both of Schiller and Goethe, and their characteristic differences; and to show also how influential the style of Shakspeare has been on these dramas, as well as that of the classic-ideal of the Greeks. In the interpretation of *Faust*, he will enunciate a theory, that the idea of that drama is to be found alone in the genius of Goethe's poetry, and in the life of the author; while in the *Tasso*, he undertakes to show another phase of Goethe's genius, represented in his pure classic-ideal style.

Two remarkable coin sales have lately come off at Messrs. Sotheby & Wilkinson, one that of the late Mr. Huxtable, the other that of the Rev. J. W. Martin. This last was one of the finest collections in England, both in respect of the rarity and the beauty of the coins which it contained. Among the most interesting lots were: The Half-penny of Alfred, 187. 10s. The Half-penny of Edward the Elder, 237. The gold penny of Henry III., 1307. The quarter-florin of

Edward III., 1457. The sovereign of Henry VII., 397. The angel of Edward VI., 597. The rial of Mary, 717. The Maryland penny of Lord Baltimore, 757. The Summer Island coin (brass), 297. The fifty shilling pattern of Cromwell, 467. The New England halfpenny, 157.

We have received a letter from a gentleman in Scotland, but who does not give his address, stating that though the "Novello-Craft" is quite an original invention on the part of Mr. Novello, yet that the same idea occurred to a young man in the Highlands, who made his experiments about three years ago. Our correspondent sends us particulars sufficient to show that the principle of the "Novello-Craft," and the "Victoride," as his young friend has called his vessel, is the same, but the details are too technical for our pages.

MR. S. C. HALL'S LECTURES.—On Monday last, Mr. S. Carter Hall delivered a lecture comprising some of the most interesting portions of those which he has previously given to the public. The reading of the lecture took place in the Hanover Square Rooms, and the proceeds were devoted to the Governesses' Institution, in which both Mr. and Mrs. Hall have long taken a lively interest. We hope that the result has been beneficial to the Institution: the rooms were filled with a numerous and distinguished company. Mr. Hall gave brief, but very interesting accounts of some of the great departed with whom he had been on terms of personal intimacy, illustrating his remarks by interesting and sometimes amusing anecdotes. The whole lecture was characterised by a kindly and genial tone, and was most favourably received by the audience. Mr. Hall has kindly consented to deliver this lecture at Willis's Rooms on Monday, June 13th, for the benefit of the Consumption Hospital at Brompton.

THE SILK PRODUCE OF CHINA.—Within forty years the produce of silk in China has increased fifty-fold. In 1819, the utmost quantity of raw silk was estimated at little more than 200,000 pounds annually. In 1857, the importation of silk of all kinds into this country alone amounted to ten million pounds. Within fifteen years, no less than 534,845 bales have been imported from Shanghai into Europe and America. This equals 58,763,260 pounds of silk, for the production of which 705,159,120 pounds of cocoons would be required to furnish the silk for exportation; this of course is independent of the local consumption. With the exception only of the lowest classes, the whole Chinese population is clothed in silk, and the taste for this fabric is rapidly on the increase throughout Europe. In China, the silk is produced entirely by the peasantry, and in this respect differs from that of France and Italy, there being no manufactories for spinning it of uniform kind and quality. The mulberry is cultivated in all the middle and southern provinces of the empire.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, 1st June.

I CANNOT say that the Imperial manager of this present war is thought to have kept his promises to the public, but just the reverse; he went forth, as one of his somewhat questionable friends has rather maliciously said, "in the triumphant way in which conquerors return," and as yet he has done nothing whatever in the shape of conquest. The turn for ridicule of this nation is not only growing sharper every day, but it seems to think it finds plenty to feed upon.

The day after the news of the battle of Montebello was pasted up at the Bourse, the *Moniteur* had the following in its leading columns, "There is nothing new. The Emperor's health is excellent." This, coming just upon the announcement of several hundreds of Frenchmen killed and wounded, just upon the necessary acknowledgment of the fact that so many scores of families were plunged in grief and mourning, shocked the public feeling bitterly, and old people called to mind the horrible bulletins of 1812, in which, after the monster lies of the first Bonaparte had got rather used up, and he

was, little by little, obliged to let the awful truth of the loss of hundreds of thousands ooze out, the invariable termination was: "the Emperor is in perfect health," and once, "the Emperor never was better." Within the last three or four days, however, a copy of some verses has been mysteriously given about from hand to hand, which, if they could be published, would ring through France from one end of the country to the other. They are attributed to Victor Hugo. They are a parody of a famous scene in Molière's comedy of *Tartuffe*, in which the blinded and bamboozled master of the house, on returning home, inquires after the condition of each of its inmates from his housekeeper: she gives him the news required, and for every member of his family of whom she informs him, he adds, "*Et Tartuffe?*" to which interrogation she with disgust, ever replies by some proof of Tartuffe's gluttony or other sensuality, and of his perfect wellbeing as to his physical state. Each time she mentions the "Saint," her master exclaims ecstatically, "*Le pauvre homme!*" Now, the author of the verses I allude to has turned this to wonderful account: one person asks of another what has happened at Montebello, and the answer is, "a most bloody battle has been fought." "*Et Tartuffe?*" is each time the interruption. "Oh! he is well enough," is always the response. "We have lost, as I am told," says one speaker, "a general, four colonels, hundreds of men . . . but *Tartuffe*, how is he?" "He feeds well," says the other, "and takes pleasant rides on horseback." "There will be mothers and widows who will weep, and children will clamour for their sires . . . but tell me of *Tartuffe*." And in this way the entire scene is closely parodied, and with extraordinary effect. I cannot answer for Victor Hugo being the author of the verses, which are magnificent, but several persons who ought to know have assured me he is so, and they certainly are in the tone and style of that wonderful piece in his *Œuvres*, called "*L'Expédition*." They are of course only produced with great caution; but they are, nevertheless, beginning to be much talked of in a certain little set, who always know everything. I heard them read for the first time a few nights back in a small party of twelve or fifteen people, and the impression created was quite beyond description. I begged hard for a copy of the verses, but was refused. If I could obtain one you should have it.

The literary event of this week has been the reception of Jules Sandeau by M. Vitet at the Académie Française; and a mediocre affair it was, as to one half, at all events, of the eloquence furnished to the audience. Sandeau's speech was tame, heavy, and embarrassed to the most painful degree; and his attempt to wind it up by a flourish of trumpets at the end about the Emperor and the war in Italy was a tremendous failure. The applause did not come; the real public remained mute, and the hand-clappings of the Imperialists went off disjointedly, like the here-and-there-dry squibs on a wet Catherine-wheel. M. Vitet's harangue was a remarkably elegant one, but a little wanting in life and animation; besides this, both speakers had to praise a defunct academicien, M. Brifaut, whose career and whose works are the very antipodes of everything vivacious, so that the whole affair was altogether and unmistakably slow.

Apropos to Academicians, a good story is being told here of one of the learned body. Years ago the author of "*Chatterton*" and "*Cinq Mars*," and one or two other works, Count Alfred de Vigny, wrote *apropos* to the first empire one of the bitterest attacks ever levelled at it, in the shape of his volume of tales, called "*Servitude et Grandeur Militaires*." In this, he lost no opportunity of abusing Napoleon the First, and the scene between the Pope and the hero of Austerlitz at Fontainebleau, in which the Holy Father with quiet disdain calls the Emperor "*Comédiant*," is a standard page in modern French literature. Now, spite of this, M. de Vigny was, with one or two other exceptions, the only person who consented to bow before the new empire; and, accordingly, he has

received many small favours in the way of dinners, invitations, &c. His ambition was higher than this; he aimed at the senate, and has for three or four years been persuaded he should be made a senator. The Emperor, however, would seem to have remembered the former writings of his new admirer better than the latter wished, and the longed-for title of senator has never yet come. Last winter M. de Vigny was asked to Compiègne, and the Emperor and Empress were supposed to have found him dull, even beyond what strikes them as the dullness of intellectual men in general. The author of "Cinq Mars" was not to be discouraged; he paid his court determinedly; and one day, in a mild ecstasy about the destinies of the empire, said to the Empress: "I am no Fénelon or Bossuet, to teach a French monarch how to reign, but I should be happy if I might only be chosen to teach the Prince Imperial how to read." When this was repeated to Louis Napoleon, it is reported that his remark was: "Oh, as to teaching him his A, B, C, he may do that and welcome; I have no objection to M. de Vigny teaching the Prince to read, so long as he does not teach him to write."

This story has been circulated all over Paris, but I must say no one believes the Emperor "lively" enough to have said it. It is universally attributed to the witty, wicked, perpetual secretary of the Académie Française, M. Villemain.

You will perceive that since the Italian campaign undertaken by the Emperor has somewhat hung fire, instead of going off as was expected, the French have grown a little more civil towards their enemies. A certain deputy, by name M. Jubinal, anything but a person from whom chivalrous conduct might be expected, indulged, in the *Message* (a journal he edits), in such monstrous and calumnious abuse of the Austrians and their commanding officers, that the thing was beyond bearing, and public opinion was getting disgusted. The *Message* has consequently been admonished, and M. Jubinal has been put in his place by a column of mellifluous prose from M. de la Guéronnière, in which he is reminded that calumny is not an arm adopted by those who have "*l'honneur d'être Fr-r-rançais*" (as the *gamins de Paris* say); a fact M. Jubinal may really be well excused for forgetting. Seeing that the above-mentioned worthy only strung together in his article all the atrocious lies that the government newspapers had been giving forth for the last month, it is in reality an act of self-condemnation which the new head of the French press department has committed.

A very curious scene took place a few nights back at a small popular theatre, the Bouffes Parisiens. The burlesque opera of *Orphée aux Enfers* was enacted in the presence of "our beloved uncle," King Jerome; the song, beginning with the phrase,

"Quand j'étais Roi de Bétique,"

is in every mouth in Paris, and is known to be everywhere applied to King Jerome, who is for ever reported to reply to every question or demand for advice, by a discourse, commencing with, "*Quand j'étais Roi de Westphalie*." I suppose there is not a notary's clerk here who does not hum "*Quand j'étais Roi de Westphalie*," whenever he sees "our uncle Jerome" drive down a street. Well, when the ex-king of Westphalia found himself face to face with the actor who sings "*Quand j'étais Roi de Bétique*," the latter did not know what to do, and the audience, at once understanding what was going on, was equally embarrassed, and the result was that the song was ill sung, hardly applauded, and greeted chiefly by smothered titterings and suppressed giggles. Many persons present have described the scene to me as ineffably ludicrous, Jerome being the only individual perhaps in the house who knew nothing of the fun, or of his being himself a principal actor in it.

The Théâtre Lyrique got up a most extraordinary bill the other night for Madame Miolan's benefit, and the combined "attractions" lasted till near two o'clock in the morning. One of the curiosities, but not the most pleasant one, was the last act

of *Otello* puffed and grunted through by Duprez and Madame Viardot. A more melancholy exhibition was rarely made, I should fancy; yet the curiosity it excited was immense. Duprez's appearance was thoroughly grotesque as the Moor, and his fat, enormous head upon his dwarfish body looked as though Tom Thumb had been putting on a huge melon, what they call here a *potiron*, instead of a hat. Poor Madame Viardot, too, is sadly gone off in the way of voice, and her vain attempts to be impassioned in the death scene of *Desdemona* were very painful.

The most charming part of this benefit night was the act from the *Barbier de Séville*, in which Bressant, the actor of the Comédie Française, sang the part of *Count Almaviva* to Madame Miolan's *Rosine*. Bressant has not the voice of Giuglini or Mario, certainly; but he amply made up for any deficiency by the exquisitely finished style of his acting. This performance is not a thing to be forgotten by any one who ever saw it.

SCIENTIFIC.

MEETINGS OF THE WEEK.

- MON. *Royal Institution*, 2 P.M. General Monthly Meeting.
- TUES. *Royal Institution*, 3 P.M. Professor John Morris, "On Geological Science."
- WED. *British Archaeological Association*. 8.30 P.M. Sir Gardner Wilkinson, "On the Rock Basins of Dartmoor, and some British Remains in this Island." Rev. E. Kell, "On the Discovery of a Roman Villa in the Isle of Wight." Mr. Syer Cuming, "On Battersea Emancles."
- THURS. *Royal Institution*, 3 P.M. Austen H. Layard, Esq., "On the Seven Periods of Art."
- *Royal Society*, 4 P.M. Annual Meeting for Election of Fellows.
- FRI. *Royal Institution*. Meeting, at 8 P.M. Lecture, at 9 P.M. Professor Tyndall, "On the Transmission of Heat of Different Qualities through Cases of Different Kinds."
- SAT. *Royal Institution*, 3 P.M. J. P. Lacaita, Esq., "On Modern Italian Literature."

ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN.—April 8, James Paget, Esq., F.R.S., "On the Chronometry of Life." The design of the discourse was, to illustrate the law that the processes of organic life are regulated with a regard to time, as exact as that which is observed by them in respect of size, and weight, and quantity of material employed in them; and to show that such an observance of time is characteristic of life, depending essentially on properties inherent in the living bodies themselves, and not on conditions external to them. After a full exposition of his views, and the explanation of many phenomena bearing on the subject, the lecturer observed that, on the facts which he had brought forward, as well as on others, there appear indications of a chronometry in the organic processes of warm-blooded animals, which corresponds with that of the seasons, but is essentially independent. And, if it be so, these might form a group of facts, in addition to those of the diurnal variations of the organic processes, in which vital changes are set to the same rules of time as changes of the surface of the earth, yet have their own proper laws; and concerning which it might be said, that the cycles of life, and of the earth, do, indeed, correspond, but only as concentric circles do, which are drawn round one centre, but are not connected, except in design and mutual fitness. But, however this might be, all the instances of time-regulation cited in the discourse (all being examples of large groups of facts), would seem sufficient to prove, that the observance of time in organic processes is as exact and as universal as that of any other measure; that each species has a certain time-rate for the processes of its life, variable, but not determined, by external conditions; and that the several phenomena commonly studied as the periodicities of organic life, are only prominent instances of the law which it was the object of the discourse to illustrate.

April 15, Sir Charles Lyell in his discourse on the consolidation of lava on steep slopes, and on the origin of the conical form of volcanoes, explained that among the many phenomena to be studied on the earth's surface, the history and nature of volcanic cones had always attracted much notice.

In endeavouring to explain the formation of these conical mountains, philosophers had two opinions: some had supposed that lavas, ashes, and other volcanic materials had in each instance been first spread out around a certain spot, from which they had been outthrown, and that subsequently one or more violent subterranean eruptions had lifted up the underlying portion of the earth's crust with the lavas into a cone or bubble. Others, on the contrary, thought that the conical form was almost wholly due to the gradual accumulation of ashes and lavas around the vent of the volcano. Against this latter opinion it had been argued that molten lava could not harden into solid stone on slopes of a higher angle than 5° or 6°; but, that lavas could and often do form layers of compact stone when descending declivities of 10°, 20°, and even 38°, has been now proved by the researches of Scacchi and Lyell, and therefore it is quite unnecessary to suppose paroxysmal upliftings necessary for the formation of volcanic cones. Sir C. Lyell described the building up of Etna by the agency of two great approximate cones, which ultimately became merged into one, and he remarked that Madeira also, as a volcanic mass, has a double axis. In conclusion, the lecturer, having pointed out proofs of the extremely slow growth of Etna as a mountain, showed by reference to the fossil remains of plants and animals imbedded in some portions of its mass, that, geologically speaking, it is of extremely modern date.

May 6, Dr. Robert Drewitt lectured on houses in relation to health, and pointed out most carefully the duty that architects and others owe to society in building houses on good ground, and avoiding the plots of made-earth, heaped in marshy or excavated sites; and in removing the old and bad drainage systems, portions of which are often negligently left beneath houses and cause failure in the walls, and ruin to the health of the inhabitants. It was also pointed out that the heads of families should not fail to have the drains and pipes of their houses carefully examined at proper intervals of time. The proper supply of air to apartments was treated of at large; and the direct influence of close bed-room air in producing scrofula and consumption was especially dwelt upon,—a subject of vital importance. Thirteen contagious diseases, said the lecturer, can be produced at will; and he stated his belief that in time epidemic diseases will be found to be subject to human control; and that the surest mode of protecting the dwellings of the rich was to cleanse and ventilate the dwellings of the poor.

BRITISH ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.—May 25, George Godwin, F.R.S., F.S.A., V.P., in the chair. George Greenhill, Esq., of Barnes, C. A. Hance, Esq., of Alexander Square, and Joseph Wyon, Esq., of Regent Street, were elected associates. Mr. Forman exhibited a cordiformed purse of blue silk, with richly wrought silver filigree and plaques of enamel, intended to hold jettons. Mr. Syer Cuming produced a plaque of a similar character, but having a French motto, whilst the former had one in German. Mr. Nightingale exhibited the matrix of a seal in coarse jet, having as legend "*ROBERTO DE AVO*." It is a forgery, and the surface of the stone has been pecked all over to give it an air of antiquity. Mr. Adams exhibited the head of a demi-lance of the middle of the sixteenth century. It was found near the ditch which divides the parish of Staines from Wyndisbury in Bucks. Mr. Cuming made some observations on the gill as a drinking vessel and as a measure, and produced a specimen found in the Thames, of the early part of the seventeenth sec. on the site of the old London Bridge. It was what was then called a "quitting pot." Mr. Thomas Wright occupied the remainder of the evening by a minute description of the ancient Uriconium, and explained the results of the excavations already made at Wroxeter. He produced various tessere, iron implements, pins, glass, pottery, &c., together with plans and drawings of the several portions of buildings now laid open. The thanks of the meeting were voted to Mr. Wright for his able address, and his offer of a complete

paper on the subject for the Archaeological Journal, which will be fully illustrated. The members and the public were urged to contribute towards the excavations now in progress, which promise such very satisfactory results. It was announced that the President, the Earl of Carnarvon, had appointed the congress of the Association in Berkshire to be held from the 12th to the 17th of September inclusive.

CHEMICAL SOCIETY.—May 19th, Dr. Miller, V.P., in the chair. Professor Brodie, the President, read a paper "On Graphite." He drew particular attention to a new compound that he had obtained by oxidising graphite with a mixture of chlorate of potassium and nitric acid. This body occurred in brilliant hexagonal plates of a greenish yellow colour. When heated, it left an abundant residue of charcoal. Its composition was perfectly definite. By according to graphite the atomic weight that is deducible from its specific heat, namely 33, the formula of this new body was found to correspond exactly with that of a product obtained by Wöhler from graphitoid silicon.

A Chapter on Fossil Lightning. By Dr. G. D. Gibb, M.A., F.G.S. (Reprinted from the "Geologist.")

UNDER this fanciful title the author gives an account of the vitrified tubes, or "fulgurites," formed by the action of lightning on sand-banks in different countries, and indicate the existence of what he believes to be products of the same agency in sandstone and chalk. Of the recent specimens of fulgurites there is no doubt, and of these the author has drawn up a good list; but that Dr. Gibb's "fossil lightning" specimens were really due to the lightning-stroke, and if so, were produced whilst the sandstone and chalk were new deposits, and before they were buried by later sediments, is not clearly proved in the paper before us.

FINE ARTS.

Notes on some of the Principal Pictures Exhibited in the Rooms of the Royal Academy, &c. No. 5, 1859. By John Ruskin, M.A. (Smith, Elder, & Co.)

The Two Paths: being Lectures on Art, and its Application to Decoration and Manufacture. Delivered in 1858-9 by John Ruskin, M.A. (Smith, Elder, & Co.)

"I AM an entirely safe guide in Art judgment," says Mr. Ruskin at page 257 of the second of the two books, which he has just issued for public guidance, "I am an entirely safe guide in Art judgment; and that simply as the necessary result of my having given the labour of life to the determination of facts, rather than to the following of feelings or theories."

No one acquainted with his writings can have had much doubt as to Mr. Ruskin's private opinion on that point (though they may not have suspected the reason), but it may be satisfactory to those who have not yet begun to study his works as well as to those who have been perplexed by some of their statements to have this public assurance, that there does really exist one supreme and infallible art-tribunal to which they may turn with entire confidence. And this fact will go some way to explain how it has happened that, from a stern sense of duty, Mr. Ruskin has for the last five years taken upon himself the somewhat ungracious office of calling up for judgment "some of the principal pictures," at each returning exhibition of the Royal Academy, and how he has come to regard it as his duty to do so in future years.

The selection of "principal pictures" this year appears, if we may say so, to be more than usually capricious. O'Neill's 'Home Again,' is unnoticed; so is another much talked of companion picture, the 'Not Guilty' of Mr. Solomon. Neither of the works of Sir Edwin Landseer is recognised, nor does Mr. Dyce's 'Good Shepherd' seem to have caught the critic's eye. Lee, Creswick, Cope, and

many another of the elders are unmentioned; nor, turning to the younger men, is there a word of praise, blame, or guidance, for the painters of 'Dogberry's Charge to the Watch,' the 'Draft Players,' or 'The Return from Marston Moor.' But then on the other hand, works like Rankley's 'Evening Song,' Holiday's 'Burgesses of Calais,' and 'The King's Orchard,' of Mr. Hughes, are by no means overlooked. However, as it is always worth having "entirely safe" guidance in Art as in everything else, we must be content to accept, on his own terms, the services of our infallible guide as far as he is willing to lead us—and find our way afterwards as well as we can by the help of the landmarks he has indicated.

His view of the Academy Exhibition as a whole does not differ much from that presented to the readers of the LITERARY GAZETTE, though it differs a good deal from some other criticisms we have seen. "The present Exhibition shows steady advance among the younger students; the more experienced masters, whether academic or pre-Raphaelite, are either absent or indolent; but I have never seen the Academy walls show so high an average of good work." In going through the rooms, however, Mr. Ruskin scarcely maintains this eulogistic tone. He has indeed a good many words of praise for some of the elder as well as the younger painters, but the praise is in almost every instance largely qualified. Millais especially, whilst his power is freely admitted, meets with very rough handling, and ominous doubts are expressed respecting "the future career of a painter who can fall thus strangely below himself." Of this painter's 'Spring,' it is said:

"In this picture the unsightliness of some of the faces, and the preternatural grimness of others, with the fierce colour and angular masses of the flowers above, force upon me a strange impression, which I cannot shake off—that this is an illustration of the song of some modern Dante, who, at the first entrance of an Inferno for English society, had found, carpeted with ghostly grass, a field of penance for young ladies; where girl-blossoms, who had been vainly gay, or treacherously amiable, were condemned to recline in reprobation under red-hot apple blossom, and sip scalding milk out of a poisoned porringer."

Of course the pamphlet continues the fight on behalf of pre-Raphaelitism; but it is impossible not to feel that the champion is growing less assured of victory, and less confident in the cause. As much perhaps as in previous Notes, he takes the Brethren under his protection, finds out their recondite preciousness of thought and loveliness of expression, apologises for what is manifestly indefensible, explains how their shortcomings were caused, and promises better things for the future; but there is no longer the old jubilant note of triumph and defiance; and, somewhat oddly, the only piece of really hearty, unqualified admiration is given to one who has been made the butt of much weak-voiced pre-Raphaelite jocularities. We quote the notice of Mr. Hook as a choice example—really the best in the book—of Mr. Ruskin's style of mingled rhapsody and criticism:

"369 'Luff, Boy!' (J. C. Hook, A.)—War with France? It may be; and they say good ships are building at Cherbourg. War with Russia? That also is conceivable; and the Russians invent machines that explode under water by means of knobs. War with the fiend in ourselves? That may not so easily come to pass; he and we being in close treaty hitherto, yet perhaps in good time may be looked for. And against enemies, foreign or internal, French, Slavonic, or demoniac, what arms have we to count upon? I hear of good artillery practice at Woolwich—of new methods of sharpening sabres, invented by Sikhs—of a modern condition of the blood of Nessus, which sets sails on fire, and makes an end of Herculean ships like Phoenixes. All which may perhaps be well, or perhaps ill, for us. But if our enemies want to judge of our proved weapons and armour, let them come and look here. Bare head, bare foot, bare fist, and blue jacket. If these will not save us—nothing will.

"A glorious picture—most glorious—'Hempen bridle, and horse of tree.' Nay, rather, backs of the blue horses, foam-fetlocked, rearing beside us as we ride, tossing their tameless crests, with deep-drawn thunder in their overtaking tread. I wonder if Mr. Hook, when he drew that boy, thought of the Elgin marbles; the helmetless, unsworded, unarmoured men of Marathon. I think not: the likeness is too lovely to be conscious: it is all the more touching. They also, the men of Marathon, horsemen riding upon horses, given them of the Sea God. The earth, struck by the trident, takes such shape—a white wave, with its foaming mane, and its crested head, made living for them. And the quiet steersman, too, with his young brow knit, to whom father and brother are trusted—and more than they. I would we had such faithful arms, however feeble, at all helms. Infinite thanks, Mr. Hook, for this; for our 'Brook of Human Life,' also (250), and our 'Hours of Listless Sway on Gentle Wave' (493). All of them beautiful."

The other pictures which meet with the largest measure of commendation are (to take them in their order), Mr. G. D. Leslie's 'Reminiscences of the Ball'; Mrs. Hay's two Florentine pictures; Mr. Richmond's portraits; Mr. Herbert's 'Magdalen'; Stanfield's 'Ischia'; Dobson's 'Rosenkranz'; the 'Barley Harvests' of Mr. C. P. Knight and Mr. Waite; Miss Blunden's 'God's Gothic'; the 'King's Orchard' of Mr. Hughes; 'Too Late,' of Mr. Windus; and 'The Val d'Aosta,' of Mr. Brett. Censure is more mingled with the praise awarded to Millais, Leslie, Goodall, Philip, Egg, and Lewis; the 'Evensong' of Mr. Rankley, and the 'Burgesses of Calais,' of Mr. Holiday. Unmitigated condemnation is reserved for a trio of Academicians, Abraham Cooper, David Roberts, and William Mulready.

If Mr. Ruskin saw grounds for hope in a broad survey of the Academy Exhibition, it was otherwise with the works of the two water-colour societies. He can find no pleasure in them. "For in their very nature those two societies appeal to the insensitiveness and pretence of the public." In truth, "the Water-Colour Societies are in steady descent;" and the works of Hunt and Cox "in the Old Water-Colour are the only ones which are now seriously worth looking at; for in the endeavour to employ new resources, to rival oil colour, and to display facility, mere method has superseded all feeling and all wholesome aim, and has itself become finally degraded."

Mr. Ruskin is angry if any one suggests that he can possibly contradict himself; but does not the passage just quoted read somewhat curiously contradictory after such a note on last year's Exhibition as this—"I congratulate the Old Society on its great advance this year. I have placed my notes on their drawings last, because it is pleasant to stay latest with old friends." Is the "great advance" of a Society like this in 1858 quite compatible with steady descent even to final degradation, in 1859, seeing that the members remain the same, and that there has been no change in aim, materials, or mode of working? But almost without exception the present exhibition of the Old Society has been hitherto pronounced a "great advance" on that of last year, and the New Society's display one of more than average excellence: Mr. Ruskin has however only followed an old custom of his in taking a directly opposite line.

As a whole, these Notes are certainly inferior this year. Signs of haste and weariness are more than usually apparent. The freshness of manner, the reckless dash, the piquant self-assertion which "society" found so stimulating are wanting; and their absence is not supplied by those higher qualities which are the salt of the works he prepares with more deliberation and more singleness of purpose.

Yet it must not be supposed that there are no piquancies of expression or no novelties of thought or opinion. If England has prided herself on anything it has been on the freedom of her people, and the beauty of her trees. Last year Mr. Ruskin demolished the trees, which he declared, "as compared with French trees, grow in

paroxysms of *mauvaise honte*, sticking out their elbows everywhere in the wrong places, and stiffening themselves against every breeze that would bend them into grace, till all their leaves stand on end at last, in sheer misery and shame at the shapes they have been got into; and now he draws equally unsavoury comparisons between our "slavery" and misery, and that of the Italians,—of all people on the face of the earth: declaring that "There is more misery of an outward and physical kind in a couple of London back streets, than in a whole Italian town. Mental degradation, not physical suffering, constitutes the slavery of Italy; both constitute that of England. Italian slavery is infinitely grander than ours. The souls of Italy at least need iron bars to bind them; ours need only the threads of purses." While, by way of vexing our hearts still more, he implies an unkind comparison for our girls, in the assertion that "French girls are the sweetest tempered living creatures in the world." Next year our fair friends may look to be told that the damsels of Holland are the loveliest lasses, and the donnas of Spain the noblest looking matrons in Europe. But, returning to Art, we must just notice that Mr. Ruskin has in these Notes enunciated a grand discovery. For the last two centuries Rembrandt has been famous all the world over for his consummate mastery of chiaroscuro. But this it seems has been "a popular misunderstanding." "Rembrandt's strength is in rendering of human character, *not* in chiaroscuro. Rembrandt's chiaroscuro is always forced, generally false, and wholly vulgar; it is in all possible ways inferior, as chiaroscuro to Correggio's, Titian's, Tintoret's, Veronese's, or Velasquez's. But in rendering human character, such as he saw about him, Rembrandt is nearly equal to any of these men, and the real power of him is in his stern and steady touch on lip and brow."

Mr. Ruskin's second book, "The Two Paths," consists of five lectures delivered at different times, but "intentionally connected in subject; their aim being to set one or two main principles of Art in simple light before the general student, and to indicate their practical bearing on modern design. The law, which it has been my effort chiefly to illustrate is the dependence of all noble designs in any kind, on the sculpture or painting of Organic Form." The two paths are the two courses of study, one—that indicated by the author—"leading to the Olive mountains—the other to the Vale of the Salt Sea." The lectures are—1. "The Deteriorative Power of Conventional Art on Nations," delivered at the Kensington Museum. 2. "The Unity of Art," delivered at the Manchester School of Design. 3. "Modern Manufacture and Design," to the Bradford School. 4. "Influence of Imagination in Architecture," to the Architectural Association, London; and 5. "The Work of Iron in Nature, Art, and Policy," a public lecture delivered at Tunbridge Wells. All or nearly all of these were reported at the time in the journals, though as it would seem little to their author's satisfaction. "I must beg my readers," he says, "not in general to trust to such, for even in fast speaking I try to use words carefully; and any alteration of expression will sometimes involve a great alteration in meaning. A little while ago I had to speak of an architectural design, and called it 'elegant,' meaning founded on good and well 'elected' models [a meaning not, we fancy, to be found in Johnson, and a derivation to be found neither there nor any where else]; the printed report gave 'excellent' design (that is to say, design excellently good), which I did not mean, and should, even in the most hurried speaking, never have said." But the lectures having appeared before in print, we hold ourselves released from the necessity of attempting any analysis of them.

We have seen that the great "law" which he seeks to enforce is the dependence of all noble design on the sculpture or painting of organic form. This, in reference to Architecture, he lays down in the broadest manner. "Sculpture founded on the love of nature," he holds to be the

very "talisman of its existence;" and architecture, he asserts, always flourished whenever and wherever architects were sculptors, and perished when they were not. "Cast away," he says to the young architect, "cast way with utter scorn geometry and legalism, and seize hold of God's hand, and look full in the face of His creation, and there is nothing he will not enable you to achieve." And again, showing them a photograph of the procession on the portal of Amiens, he tells them "if once you also gain the gift of doing this, if once you can carve one fronton such as you have here, I tell you, you would be able—so far as it depended on your invention—to scatter cathedrals over England as fast as clouds rise from its streams after summer rain." Perilous words for the confiding student who shall read them literally.

So again is it with Ornamental Art; but here he points the students to painting rather than sculpture. He tells the Manchester designers that "the masters whom it would be well if we could agree in our schools of Art in England to consider our leaders," are Titian, Leonardo, Rembrandt, Albert Durer, "one or two of the pre-Raphaelites" (names not given), William Hunt of the Old Water-Colour Society, and Turner.

Respecting the past of English painting he is not very laudatory. Reversing the old maxim, he will not speak evil of living men, but he broadly declares that "among those who labour no more in this England of ours, since it first had a school, we have had only five real painters:—Reynolds, Gainsborough, Hogarth, Richard Wilson, and Turner." He does not forget Wilkie, Calcott, or Constable, but he sweeps them away with easy contempt, informing his readers as he does so, that they "may depend upon it, that all blame which I express in this sweeping way is trustworthy." Not a matter of opinion at all, but a matter of ascertainable fact, such as I never assert till I have ascertained.

Respecting the future of painting in England, that "useful, truthful, substantial form of art," he hopes to see enrich our English homes, we extract a passage, which we heartily commend to the attention of every painter, and especially to every young painter, and not less to those purchasers of pictures, whose taste must to a great extent give its direction to English art. "We want now no more feasts of the Gods, nor martyrdoms of saints; we have no need of sensuality, no place for superstition, or for costly insolence. Let us have learned and faithful historical painting—touching and thoughtful representations of human nature, in dramatic painting; poetical and familiar renderings of natural objects and of landscape; and rational, deeply-felt realisations of the events which are the subjects of our religious faith."

The "Two Paths" is not one of Mr. Ruskin's best books. It is diffuse, discursive, indefinite, dogmatic, and full of self-assertion; but it contains much eloquent description; places in a clear light some forgotten or neglected truths; and like all his books it is eminently suggestive—sometimes indeed provocative, but then perhaps not least serviceable to the thoughtful student. Many questionable opinions are laid down as ascertained truths. Much doubtful sentiment is promulgated; and some things are said which a man of calmer, more self-possessed, and more masculine mind would never have dreamed of uttering. But we have no objection to the occasional shaking of received opinions, the fearless expression of novel views, or the enunciation of idiosyncracies which may throw light on the mind of the artist or the writer. That, even when he diverges farthest from what are commonly taught as fundamental principles in art, Mr. Ruskin is seldom wholly wrong, will be acknowledged by every one who has really studied his writings. And for our own part, widely as on many points we differ from him, and needful as we feel it to be to caution the student against an unreasoning acquiescence in his teaching, we readily admit that no other writer of our day has earned so fair a title to be heard on the subject of Art generally as Mr. Ruskin.

But whilst we admit this, and whilst we are anxious to do full justice to his services, still more to his efforts, in the cause of Art, we cannot close this notice without repeating our regret at Mr. Ruskin's persistence in the tone of arrogant superiority and dogmatism which so grievously blemishes his style and impairs his influence. Mr. Ruskin should remember that, however it may be with himself, his readers are not likely to accept the personal sympathies and antipathies of any writer as ultimate canons of criticism. That there may be good in a work which he cannot admire or enjoy, and that there possibly is good in an author or artist whose works have long given delight to men of very different culture and in very different countries, although not to him, are things which Mr. Ruskin might grant without any serious compromise of principle. And if he only could bring himself to feel this, he would then probably not only look a little closer at the work and the purpose of the worker—he be writer or artist—before he launched against the man and his productions one of those "sweeping condemnations" which readers are commanded to receive as entirely trustworthy, necessary, and certain (as certain as he says his principles of political economy are, "as certain as the principles of Euclid"); but he would deal with what he is thus condemning with a little less of that pleader-like disingenuousness, or seeming disingenuousness, which jars so painfully on those who know enough of the subject to see how much is concealed which would militate against the view Mr. Ruskin inculcates—whether that concealment be intentional, or result from mere superciliousness, or, which is harder to admit than either, from sheer inability to grasp the whole of any subject or question.

Review of the Exhibition of the Royal Academy and other Art Galleries. By John Stewart. (Hall, Virtue, & Co.)

As we turned over leaf after leaf of this pamphlet we were more and more perplexed to imagine what could have induced the author to write, or the publishers to print it. The necessity for such a work could hardly be pleaded; for criticisms of the Academy are as plenty as blackberries, and of as many varieties of ripeness and flavour. Nor could the example of Mr. Ruskin, one would think, have been a moving cause; for Mr. Ruskin had at least the apology of having devoted his life to the study of Art, of being the most popular Art-writer of the day, and of being able to add the charm of eloquence to substantial knowledge. On the other hand, Mr. Stewart must have felt that he was an unknown man, that his critical capacity must be the result of a love of Art rather than any deep or extensive knowledge of it, and that literary skill was a thing he might one day hope to attain, but certainly did not possess. We read on and wondered less. Mr. John Stewart it was evident was a provincial, we guessed from his manner that he might be the oracle of some little country circle; by peculiarities of idiom and pertinacity of reference we perceived that he was a Scot; and we felt that his natural and national modesty had been too great to allow him to persevere in resisting the requests of his friends that he would give to the world the thoughts that had so charmed them in an after-tea reading. We closed the book with a sigh as we thought of the bill which the good man would receive a few months hence from Paternoster Row: when there stared us in the face in large letters on the cover, "John Stewart, Consulting and Contracting Decorator, &c., &c. Designs and Estimates for Rooms or Mansions furnished for Town or Country," and we saw that the cannie Stewart had deluded us into wasting a long half-hour over something very much resembling a trade advertisement. What Mr. Stewart may be as a consulting or contracting decorator we should not like to guess, but what he is as an Art-critic happily one sentence—that in which he disposes of the sculpture at the Royal Academy—will enable our readers to determine: "In the sculpture-room there is much creditable Art but nothing from any of the exhibitors which could be characterised as a strong step in advance

[whatever kind of step that may be], *Caldor Marshall remaining first*, and the others following at about their respective distances."

Mr. Stewart will, we trust, pardon the freedom of our remarks; we wish him every success in his consulting and contracting decoration, but we entreat him not to inflict upon us any more criticism.

The opening of the Church of All Saints, Margaret Street, on Saturday last, is an event in metropolitan ecclesiastical architecture. To most of our London readers the tall, thin, somewhat peculiar, but unquestionably graceful spire, will no doubt have been for the last three or four years a tolerably familiar object, and probably will have tempted many of them, when in the neighbourhood of Portland Place, to turn aside in search of the building to which it belonged—it may be to their disappointment at discovering it to be attached to a small, rather dingy red-and-black body, cooped up in a sort of court-yard between two gloomy monastic-looking "priests' houses." In truth, though ecclesiologists fall into raptures in speaking of the exterior as well as the interior, and though from one or two points some picturesqueness of effect is obtainable, ordinary observers are likely to confine their admiration to the interior, and to the distant view of the lofty steeple. But the interior is beyond dispute magnificent. It is small, the nave being only 63 feet long by 60 wide, but the chancel adds 38 feet to the length; and it is 75 feet high. But then every part is richly decorated, or in readiness for decoration; and the decoration is throughout real. The clustered columns which support the arches of the nave are of polished Aberdeen granite, their pinnles being of black marble, their capitals of alabaster. The great chancel arch is of alabaster, and a low alabaster screen divides the chancel from the nave. The walls of the nave, clerestory, &c., are ornamented with geometric patterns, symbols, &c., all formed of real stones, serpentine, Devon, and Derby and other coloured marbles; and the somewhat plain, but very effective, timber roof is painted chocolate and white, picked out with blue. Except in the clerestory, the church only receives light from the south and west. All the windows are filled with stained glass; those of the clerestory in pattern-work, by Mr. O'Connor; the great west window and those in the south aisle, by M. Gerente of Paris, containing subjects from Scripture, &c., detestable in colour and atrociously medieval in the forms. When it is added that the pulpit is a large, low one of white marble, inlaid with coloured marbles in geometric patterns; that a marble font somewhat similar, but even more elaborate in style, with a lofty cover of carved oak and metal, stands in a baptistery near the entrance, that the floor of nave and baptistery is paved with encaustic tiles; and that there are neither pews nor benches to obstruct the view; it will be understood, that apart altogether from the taste or propriety of the arrangements, the nave must present a very unusual as well as very splendid appearance. But rich as is the nave, it pales before the splendour of the chancel, where the vaulted roof, with the gilt main lines of the vaulting, and the far more elaborate, and, to our thinking, far more beautiful decoration, the greater profusion of carved alabaster work, and coloured marbles, &c., and especially the grand display of fresco paintings which cover almost the entire eastern wall, produce a gorgeousness of effect quite without parallel as far as we know in any other English church. These frescoes, which are by Mr. W. Dyce, R.A., are in three stages. In the lower is the 'Nativity,' the Infant Saviour lying on the lap of his mother occupying the centre, while on either side are angels in the act of adoration. In the centre of the middle stage is the 'Crucifixion,' with the mother of Jesus and St. John at the foot of the cross, and in panels on either side are figures of the Apostles bearing their symbols. The entire upper stage is occupied by a 'Majesty,' or Christ in glory, with the Old and New Testament, saints in panels on each side. All the figures are on gold diaper grounds, their heads being surrounded with burnished

gold glories. But the colouring being, as with all Mr. Dyce's works, very sober, the supply of light comparatively small, and the crochets and carvings of the alabaster framework extravagantly large and heavy, the frescoes themselves are less distinct and impressive than might have been anticipated. Nor are the more ambitious central parts altogether satisfactory as pictures. The awkward position of the arms of Christ on the cross, no one has been yet hardy enough to admire, except on ecclesiological and symbolical grounds. That owing to the confined space it was necessary to put them so, as has been pleaded in behalf of the painter, certainly would not be argued in front of the picture itself. But the single pictures are for the most part excellent in conception and drawing, and the whole displays a very refined and devotional feeling. As a whole, the church is the nearest approach that has yet been made to that model church, which our ecclesiologists have so ardently longed to see realised. Whether it is quite the model of a Protestant church is another matter. But regarded purely as a work of art there can be no question that, whilst the building as a building, and much of the decoration, are open to criticism, it is one of the very richest and finest works that have been produced in this country for a very long time. The cost of this church has already been about 70,000*l.*; of which it is said Mr. Tritton contributed 30,000*l.*, Mr. Beresford Hope, 10,000*l.*, another gentleman, 4000*l.*, the rest being raised in comparatively small sums. The architect was Mr. Butterfield. The first stone was laid by Dr. Pusey in November, 1850, but the works were delayed for some three years, owing to failure of funds.

The carved oak-fittings—mainly the pulpit and bench-ends—of another church, which has excited some attention among architects and ecclesiologists, St. Michael's Cornhill, in process of restoration by Mr. G. G. Scott, R.A., are now on view at the show-rooms of the Gibbons of our day—Mr. W. G. Rogers, 21, Soho Square. This is one of the most important commissions of its kind that has for some time fallen to the lot of a wood-carver, and so much artist-like feeling has been displayed in its execution, that we may take an early opportunity to look at the carvings a little more in detail.

There is now on view at Messrs. Graves, Pall Mall, a full length portrait, by Mr. Lucas, of the late Captain Sir William Peel, R.N., the hero of the Crimea and Cawnpore. Sir William is painted, sword in hand, leading on his naval brigade against the rebellious Sepoys. The hero is a hearty, frank-looking young sailor, just the man to charge against any odds, and to win the hearts of a naval brigade. On one side of him is a group of his Shannon men working their gun; on the other some soldiers of the 53rd, sailors and soldiers being alike painted from the actual men. The likeness of Sir William Peel is taken from a small portrait for which he sat to Mr. Lucas when in England. The resemblance is said to be perfect. The picture is a very good one, carefully composed; the background being a view of the scene of one of Peel's most noted deeds near Cawnpore, painted from sketches by his companion Captain Jones, and very well painted. As may be remembered, the portrait was the result of a subscription. Its destination is not yet we believe decided on. The proper place would undoubtedly be Greenwich Hospital, but there is no vacant place available in the Painted Hall. The next best place is the National Portrait Gallery, and Captain Peel is sufficiently a national hero to have fairly won a place there. The portrait is being engraved in mezzotint by Mr. Chant, who has just completed a very successful plate of Lord Raglan.

The Lee Priory collection of pictures was finally dispersed on Saturday last, under the hammer of Messrs. Christie & Manson. The collection was made in the former half of the last century by Thomas Barrett, of Lee, Esq. (grandson of Sir Paul Barrett, Recorder of Canterbury), who died

in 1756. Having died intestate, part of his cabinet pictures, curiosities, and miniatures, were sold. Several of the latter fell into the hands of Horace Walpole, and formed some of the most valuable gems of Strawberry Hill. Among the portraits, the most valuable were the following:— 'Queen Mary II. in her robes,' by Wissing, architectural background, 40*l.*; 'Nell Gwynne, holding a wreath, in a landscape, with a lamb,' by Sir Peter Lely, 51*l.*; 'Catherine of Arragon, in a rich jewelled dress, holding a bunch of lavender,' by Holbein, 29 guineas; 'James, Duke of York, and his duchess, seated,' in one picture, by Sir Peter Lely, 61 guineas; 'Henry VIII., in a cap and feather, puff dress and gold chain,' by Holbein, small, on copper, 35 guineas; 'Head of Cromwell, Earl of Essex,' by the same, circle, 36 guineas; 'Portrait of Charles II. in armour, wearing the Order of the George, and holding a truncheon,' by Sir Peter Lely, 29 guineas; 'Catharine of Braganza, holding a wreath, near an orange tree,' by Gascar, 30 guineas; 'Charles I. in armour, his right hand resting on a globe, a truncheon in his left,' half-length, by Van Dyck, 151*l.*; 'Margaret, Queen of Scotland, sister of Henry VIII., with a chain and jewel, holding a missal on a table,' by Jan de Mabuse, 71 guineas. 'Henry VIII. in a jewelled cap, black and yellow dress, with puffed sleeves, richly jewelled, a chain round his neck to which a circular jewel is attached—in his left hand he holds a gold-mounted staff,' by Holbein, three-quarter length. This most interesting portrait was recommended to Mr. Barrett by Lord Orford, 205 guineas. Of other pictures we may enumerate:— 'The Daughter of Herodias, in a rich jewelled dress, holding a salver with the head of St. John,' by Carlo Dolce, a very important work, 200 guineas. 'A Landscape, with a female seated on an ass, and other peasants travelling, with cattle, near a river, a town and mountainous scenery in the background,' by Berghem, signed, a very beautiful and perfect cabinet gem, 172 guineas. 'The Consecration of a Priest, a group of two monks, and two bishops, with crozier and rich vestments, in a landscape, behind them is a mendicant on a road, and a cathedral in the distance,' by Jan de Mabuse, a beautiful and very important example of the early Flemish school, in fine condition. This picture was brought over from the continent during the French Revolution, and purchased at a high price, by Mr. Barrett, on the recommendation of Lord Orford, who mentions it in his printed letters, 525 guineas (White). The sale realised 3241*l.* 9*s.*

THE DRAMA AND MUSIC.

STANDARD THEATRE.—Remote from the great world which gives laws to fashion and to taste, and separated from it by no less an abyss than the entire unpoetic region under the tutelage of the Lord Mayor, the Standard Theatre has, nevertheless, succeeded in interesting the said great world in its proceedings. Some great star is missing from that select sphere where alone—the inhabitants flatter themselves—its brightness is due, and meets due acknowledgement; when, lo! some more than commonly vigilant critic hails it in the far east. There, on closer study, he discovers it shining with peculiar benignity on a population deemed, till recently, barbarous, plunged in degrading amusements, and without a spark of sympathy for the true and elevated in art, but which the spirit and enterprise of Mr. Douglas have shown actuated by truer and steadier instincts for good writing, good acting, and good singing, than the languid, capricious, and frivolous public who rule the destinies of the national stage. Mr. Douglas, among all the managers of the metropolis, has carved quite a peculiar and honourable distinction in this—that he has not underrated the taste and the intelligence of his audience, though naturally impelled to do so by the example of all around him. Instead of indolently crawling on in the most shameless routine of nauseous trash, and cynically congratulating himself that he was not throwing

pearls to swine, but giving the public just the sort of thing they like, he has safely calculated that what is truly good in art addresses itself to all human kind, high and low, and that by dealing honestly with his supporters, and giving them the best he could get, a healthy and vigorous relish for excellence would take root and spread among them, returning a plentiful harvest, and one ever to be depended on. The example is given in an humble sphere, but it is good to be followed in higher regions.

Mr. Douglas is now giving his patrons a course of Elizabethan drama, under auspices no less dignified than those of Miss Glyn and Mr. Phelps, and he finds his account in the undertaking, his capacious theatre being highly crowded through the attraction. *Macbeth* produced on Saturday, has remained in the bills every night since. Of the *Macbeth* of Mr. Phelps we are absolved from speaking at any length, the public being thoroughly familiar with that performance, which has neither gained any additional excellence nor lost any defect. The *Lady Macbeth* of Miss Glyn playgoers have not had the same time by many years to become familiar with, while Miss Glyn is an actress whose active mind, strenuously devoted to her art, is ever maturing her original conceptions. As with Rachel, as with all in whom the sacred fire burns, a continued progress is observable in the depth and grasp of the thought and the matured skill with which the profounder insight is manifested by a multitude of shades and details. The thorough independence which marks Miss Glyn's interpretations of the characters she undertakes, is especially visible in the present impersonation. All the representatives of the thane's wife, whom we have seen in modern days, follow a beaten track, which exhibits *Lady Macbeth* in the light of a sort of she-dragon, and renders the character repulsive and uninteresting. Such a result, which lamentably distorts one of the grandest, and, at the same time, subtlest creations of Shakspeare, and arises from a careless and superficial reading of the text, Miss Glyn avoids with consummate art, by making devoted affection and fond admiration for her husband the key-note of the character, and thus a feeling, all womanly in itself, becomes through guilt the instigator of her terrible aberrations from womanliness. *Macbeth* is no longer a paltry tool in the hands of an ambitious and heartless murderess, but is urged to the fulfilment of his known dearest desires by a fond wife, who deems no dignity too high for the object of her love, and allows no consideration to weigh against his gratification. The courage he lacks to accomplish his aim she supplies, not from her own superior sternness of will, but from the depths of her fondness and affection. Thus, by the correct interpretation of one, both characters are elevated in the eyes of the spectator; and their monstrous errors, brought within the pale of nature's noblest instincts, are the more terrible, because the more piteous. It is much to have thus fearlessly set aside the old vulgar tradition, and, with unerring perception, rescued and set up again the true ideal *Lady Macbeth*. Had Miss Glyn done nothing more than this, she would have proved herself entitled to the highest rank as an actress of a genuine and original inspiration, no less than a Shakspearean critic of infallible acumen. It is not enough, however, to have a true conception; to convey adequately, without exaggeration, to insinuate by natural touches the exact balance of qualities with which, in the imagination of the actor, the character is invested, is the rare secret of her art. And this secret Miss Glyn possesses in a high degree, and is daily acquiring with more completeness and certainty. We may say without disparagement to that lady, who knows too well already, even with her short experience, the lengthiness of art, to take offence at the insinuation that she has not reached the summit of hers. There is no actress who has done so much to prove the possession of the most valuable essential faculties proper to her profession, keenness of intelligence, depth of feeling, united with force, directness, simplicity in expression, and a certain power of subtle intimation, which is the rarest, as

it is the most precious gift of the true artist. There is no actress who, yielding already so much, promises so much more. Sincerely do we regret the lamentable condition of theatrical enterprise in this end of the town, which offers no field in which these promises may be fulfilled. The east-enders have a privilege in the enjoyment of this lady's great talents of which we are deprived, and to do them justice, they are fully alive to the advantage.

STRAND THEATRE.—Mr. James Rogers, one of our most amusing, eccentric actors, has just joined Miss Swanborough's compact and lively little corps of dramatic artists, and a new farce has been produced, calculated to bring his peculiar vein of fun into adequate play. *Caught by the Ears* is the title of this work, which is founded on a very old and well-worn model, that of the *Wandering Minstrels*, the *Irish Lions*, &c., &c. A melomaniac old gentleman has made up his mind that Mr. Sims Reeves shall play *Otello* in a drawing-room performance of that opera, which he is about to get up. Instead of the great tenor he falls by one of those mistakes peculiar to farces, upon a pot-house vocalist whose name, *Jim Greeves*, if not his talents, favours the mystification. *Jim Greeves* is terrified into assuming the costume and complexion of the injured Moor, whose woes he expresses in the most excruciating accents to the intense delight of the old gentleman, who is on the point of betrothing his daughter to the unwilling impostor, when a cousin turns up with a *bond fide* tenor voice, who saves the object of his affection from the cruel sacrifice, and gratifies the father's weakness by giving him a son-in-law of real vocal ability. All acquainted with Mr. Rogers' peculiar style, the extreme absurdities into which he can venture without offending our better judgment, will conceive to what profit he turns the situation of the tenor *malgré lui*, and the operatic *scena* with the young lady. Thanks to his exertions, a not very brilliant or well-concocted farce is received with incessant roars of laughter.

ROYAL DRAMATIC COLLEGE.—The funds in aid of this proposed and much-wanted charity have lately been so liberally contributed to, that it is hoped all will be in readiness for laying the foundation stone of the institution by July or the beginning of August next. Already seven houses have been promised, viz., one from the Drury Lane Fund, one from Covent Garden ditto, one from Mr. Charles Kean, one from the General Theatrical Fund, one from the Equestrian and Dramatic Sick Fund, one from Mr. J. J. Stainton, and one from the Hon. George Coppin, from subscriptions received in his name from Australia. Already the amount in hand reaches 3,300*l.*, a fair sum for a young charity to begin its career with, though doubtless by the time the foundation stone is laid this amount will be considerably increased. The late ball in aid of the College was productive of the most gratifying results to its finances.

HANDEL COMMEMORATION.—The engagement of the host of performers for this great Festival has now been completed by the Sacred Harmonic Society. The extent of the Orchestra will be appreciated when it is stated that it will comprise 242 Violins and Violas, 120 Violoncellos and Double Basses, with about 100 wind and other instruments, which, with 2,700 chorists—all efficient and most carefully selected—will form an aggregate considerably beyond THREE THOUSAND PERFORMERS. The Orchestra itself is 216 feet wide, or double the diameter of the Dome of St. Paul's Cathedral. It is capable of containing many hundreds more than the numbers above stated; but as it has been the express object of the managers of the Festival to develop the tone produced by this gigantic assemblage of musicians under the most favourable conditions, such a liberal allowance of space has been given to each performer, and so many wide avenues intersect and divide each portion of the chorus, that it has been found absolutely imperative—despite the

many thousands of efficient applicants now registered in the books kept by the Sacred Harmonic Society—to limit the performers to the number above stated.

POETS OF A DAY.

We are almost disposed to recommend our readers to buy *Humanity; a Poem of Sympathy* (Hall, Virtue, & Co.), in the hope that among them there may be some skilful interpreter of the mysterious, able to enlighten us as to its aim and purport. We ourselves have bestowed upon it some valuable hours, in the vain hope that a happy inspiration might reveal to us the object of its author. Certainly, these forty-two pages of blank verse—no, we recall the unlucky phrase, of rhyming couplets, and yet we are by no means sure that we are even now correct—cannot be dismissed with a cursory glance, a shrug of the shoulders, and a hasty condemnation. We have not the slightest doubt but that in "Humanity; a Poem of Sympathy," there are concealed some magnificent dogmas, some sublime mysteries, only we have not been fortunate enough to detect them. For all we know, it may reveal the secret causes of the Italian war, or dissipate the obscurity in which a certain emperor has involved his real designs, or it may elucidate all the difficulties of the Apocalypse, and satisfy the few dilettanti who still inquire into the authorship of "Junius." It may contain speculations the abstrusest on recondite points of astro-theology or spirit-rapping. It may,—but to our suppositions there can be no end, inasmuch as we have signally failed in our attempt to understand this extraordinary poem.

We will give our readers an opportunity, however, of exercising their powers of analysis. What do they think of the following passage?

Flame is spirit—possessing sympathy—
Flame is spirit—possessing tendency—
Flame is spirit—possessing harmony—
The flaming drink—the spirit sympathy—
Leaving the body—helpless tendency—
The lightning flash—the spirit sympathy—
Leaving the corpse—the naked tendency—
The sunbeams strong—possessing sympathy—
Leaving the embers—lifeless tendency—
As meeting flames unite in sympathy—
As meeting streams unite in tendency.

Another gem:

Sympathy the possessing tendency—
As earth tendency—is mind sympathy.

The whole poem (it) is written in the same extraordinary strain, and every line is broken up into fragments by similar unmeaning "dashes." We hope the author, with whom, despite our "humanity," we have no "sympathy," has a friend or two. He must surely need their care.

The Mutineers; a Poem. By John McGilchrist, M.D. (Edinburgh: Sutherland & Knox), is a version, in six dreary cantos, of a well-known story. We cannot understand, however, why any bard should elect to treat again so threadbare a theme as the mutiny of the *Bounty*, and the adventures of the settlers on Pitcairn's rock-bound isle. It is by no means well adapted for poetic material, lacking variety of interest and weight of subject; and Byron, with all his wonderful power of language, could not succeed in rendering it attractive. Indeed, of the millions who have admired "Childe Harold," and marvelled at "Don Juan," who has read half a dozen lines of "The Island"? Dr. McGilchrist has not been intended by the muses—if there are any—to succeed where Byron so utterly failed, and his portly volume will never secure, we imagine, "an enduring immortality." His descriptions have no local colouring. We do not hear the wild waves beat on the rocky shore. We do not see the long-leaved palms spreading abroad their glittering shields. And the characters in his epic are the dullest, and most prosaic men and women ever sung of by a poet. Noolah is like a "gipsy love-dream"—we confess we do not understand the comparison; and her idol is the "pale, blue eyed, melancholy Young," who is a dyspeptic hero, and figures as "pale Young" throughout the poem. Christian has "a cold gray eye," with a something in it which "stagger'd those who sought to

meet it near," and who accordingly were very foolish to seek "to meet it near;" while the other *dramatis personæ* are as colourless, and their properties as thoroughly stale as any which ever did duty in a bad melodrama at a trans-pontine theatre. As an educated man, too, Dr. McGilchrist should be aware that "neither gods, nor columns" pardon such lines as the following, which form the staple of "The Mutineers":—

But let those speak who by the ship will stay.
He goes; but few are they who with him go.
That she knew all, that she felt all he felt.
Ah no! in vain soft gales the tall sails swell.

And there are hundreds of lines equally unmusical, and equally ill-constructed.

Of *Friendship, and other Poems*, by Hibernicus (Saunders, Otley, & Co.), we have nothing to say either in praise or condemnation. We are continually meeting in its pages the old familiar faces whom we have learnt to reverence; and therefore we are content to let the rest go by. It is true they are somewhat disguised, and do not look so fresh and fair as in other days; but, for the sake of "Auld lang Syne," we are pleased to welcome them. We could wish to meet them in better company, but we will not be too difficult in our likings. In quitting Hibernicus, however, we beg leave to utter one brief protest against his tame rendering of Swift's epitaph—*Ubi secula indignatio ulterius cor lacerare nequit*—which is not translated by the euphemism:

Where cruel wrath no longer rends his soul.

From these dreary platitudes we turn with pleasure to the volume of elegant verse, entitled *The Three Wakings; with Hymns and Songs* (Nisbet & Co.), which contains much that is readable and worth thinking over. It reminds us, in its quiet pathos and unaffected piety, of Keble's "Christian Year," and contains many passages graceful in idea, and felicitous in expression. Here is a pleasing image:

And you our sister, Water, mountain-child,
Whose happy feet make music on the hills.

There is an earnestness and a hopefulness about these lays which cannot but be as refreshing as it is healthy in these times of lackadaisical minstrels, who sing nothing but dirges and lugubrious laments, and water the cypress rather than the laurel with their tears.

In commendation of *Clémades* (Pickering), an adaptation in the best modern French of the quaint old verses of D'Adènes le Roy, a contemporary of Chaucer (who had nothing, by-the-bye, of Chaucer's genius), it is enough to say that it is from the accomplished pen of the Chevalier de Chatelain, whose mission on earth seems to be—translation. He has done his work well, but we see nothing in *Clémades* to justify his resuscitation.

In *The Three Palaces, and other Poems* (Bosworth & Harrison), Mr. James Orton has scarcely fulfilled the promise of his earlier volume, "The Enthusiast," though he displays a considerable mastery over the intricacies of English versification, and is inspired by an enthusiastic love of all that is true and beautiful in the outward and the inner life. The author of "The Three Palaces" has, at least, the faculty of appreciation. He knows a good thought or a happy image when he sees it, and if there be no very elevated strain in his little volume there is enough of melody and poetic sentiment to enlist the reader's sympathies. The musician has an earnest love of his art, and has heard, in his time, many a noble burst of divine music—echoes of which, as it were, still linger in his memory and warm his soul when he touches his sacred instrument. But he has yet to learn "the art to blot." His epithets are too often chosen simply for their novelty, and are neither expressive nor appropriate when he speaks of "aurn happiness," youth's "auriferous dreams," and an "inflated pedigree." There is a certain affectation of language, too, which Mr. Orton will do well to discard, and to leave to the sentimental Misses who scribble in albums such prattles and prabbles as "heart-utterances," "star-questionings," and "faith-wrestlings." There are too many of these prettinesses on every

page, and we can but smile at "soulcal rays," "joyaunce Edenic," "then swore passivity," "rapture-voiced," &c., &c. Why will not our young poets write like men, and for men?

To the last book lying upon our table we feel bound to direct the attention of our readers without delay, though we feel how Hibernian it is to include in the present paper any reference to the immortal "Hudibras." Who, however, reads "Hudibras?" Who knows anything of its stores of wit and wisdom, or its priceless gems of fancy, except by report, and perhaps by a few quotations picked up along the wayside of literature? If we are to have muscular Christianity, let us also have muscular poetry, and go back—emasculated idlers that we are!—to the strong men of the glorious days of old. Look at the wonderful fun, and riotous life, and intense manliness of brave Samuel Butler! No affectations, no delicate compound words, no elegant epithets embroidered on the poorest stuff, like pearls sown upon frieze, but vigorous, hard-hitting writing, with bone and blood enough in it to make the fortune of a score of modern minstrels! He was not mealy-mouthed, it is true, and could rap out a broad joke or two, for he was brimming over with life, the life of a healthy soul, and he wrote like a man. His erudition was remarkable, and his wealth of thought so great that he has lavished the rarest fancies and finest sentiments one can imagine upon almost every question connected with politics or morals, theology or metaphysics; and, like Shakspere, he has supplied the compilers of common-place books with an inexhaustible store of quotations. His wit is equally wonderful; at one time keen and subtle, at another broad and forcible, now refined into the most exquisite polish, now bordering upon the grotesquest humour. Take but one example:

Honour's a lease for lives to come,
And cannot be extended from
The legal tenant; 'tis a chattel
Not to be forfeited in battle.
If he that in the field is slain,
Be in the bed of honour lain,
He that is beaten may be said
To lie in honour's truckle-bed.
For as we see th' eclipsed sun
By mortals is more gaz'd upon
Than when, adorn'd with all his light,
He shines in serene sky most bright;
So valour, in a low estate,
Is most admir'd and wonder'd at.

But though the theme is a tempting one, we must no longer dwell upon it. Our object is to congratulate our readers that an opportunity has been afforded them by the good taste and enterprise of Mr. Bohn, to whom the reading world is so largely indebted, of making acquaintance with the humours of "Hudibras," now presented in a handsomely-printed and well-illustrated portable volume. A memoir, which tells all that is known of the life of its great author,—and that is little enough,—and a profusion of notes historical, biographical, sentimental, and comical, have been added by Mr. Bohn, who has executed his editorial task with conscientiousness and care. We must take exception, however, to the trivial character of many of these explanatory addenda, which seem to imply on Mr. Bohn's part a belief in his reader's ignorance that is by no means flattering. To the line

Just like the dragon's teeth being sown,

it was surely unnecessary to append this explanation: "Alluding to the fable of Cadmus;" and there are, literally, hundreds of notes equally unnecessary. Mr. Bohn's edition of "Hudibras," however, leaves little to be desired, and places the immortal poem within the reach of the humblest reader. We hope its success will induce him to issue Butler's "Remains" in a companion volume, and he will have earned a fresh title to the gratitude of the reading world.

NEW NOVELS.

Sir Gilbert; a Novel. (Bentley.)

Our first impulse on reading this book was to exclaim with Sir Charles Coldstream, "There's nothing in it;" for indeed the plot is so commonplace and antique, and the incidents so unnatural,

so piled upon each other, and so grievously strained, in order to make them fit, that but for the feature we shall presently allude to, we should have summarily dismissed the work with a word, and that certainly not of commendation. That we may not fall under the accusation of uttering causeless censures, we give the slightest possible outline of the plot. Two men fight a duel; one falls, the other is accidentally killed within a few hours after. The wife of the first dies also soon afterwards, after giving birth to the hero of the tale, from whom by his father's dying injunctions the story of the duel is carefully concealed. The child is reared by an uncle, who tries all sorts of marvellous shifts to get him killed, that the inheritance may be his own; and finding that the shock to his mother's nerves, and the maltreatment of his early years have effectually made a coward of him, ends by forcing him into the army. In India the youth disgraces himself by cowardice, and returns to England in time to find himself the heir to a fortune and baronetcy. He contrives to fall in love with two young ladies; and, as an instance of the improbable incidents we have complained of, is rejected by one of them, attempts suicide, is prevented from accomplishing his design by the other, proposes to her and is accepted,—all within the space of a few hours. There is the bad boy of the play in the shape of a designing secretary, who happens to be master of the Indian cowardice secret and trades on it accordingly; his neglected and deserted wife, of whom a faint indication is given in the early part of the tale, and who appears as an opera singer towards the end, just in time to die on the stage of a theatre which is burned down directly after, and affords the quondam coward an opportunity of exhibiting his returning courage by rescuing with much coolness first his lady love and then the officer who had dismissed him for cowardice; and there are—but we need not drag our readers through any more of these far-fetched incidents, suffice it that by degrees everybody becomes very penitent, very candid, and very happy—and that without any very remarkable corresponding effort or cause. What then it may very naturally be asked, is there to admire or commend in the book? The answer is this: Though thrust into outrageous and unnatural combinations and attitudes, the characters themselves are well drawn; true to life, and their conversation particularly perfectly natural and unexaggerated. No high-flown sentiments are put into the mouths of pretty young ladies, nor any stilted pomposities into those of the men; but we are presented with very accurate representations of people one meets in every-day life, and of their modes of thinking and talking. The most successful portraits are those of the younger men, whose university slang and peculiar modern habits are hit off admirably. We give one specimen of this, and will merely add a hope that in a future effort the author will extend the same attributes of freshness and truth to his incidents as well as his characters, and we decidedly protest against sprinkling what a well-known Cambridge professor used to call "small ha'porths of Greek" through a modern story. It will be merely necessary to premise that our specimen is part of a conversation between two young men about the debts of one of them:

"I have not been happy for the last three years," Fred broke out. "I can't look at the sky for thinking of bills; but father will have a relapse if I tell him, and then I shall have brought it on, and be the death of him. No; I will bear it all."

"He spoke with a dismal sort of heroism."

"There is no need in shocking your father unnecessarily, Fred. I will undertake the whole thing if you but intrust me with it."

"He settled my affairs, as he thought, last quarter; and you know I kept back three parts of my ticks from him then, and got two or three of the principal dues here in the town to swear they were paid in full; but now, you know, they won't be put off any longer, and I never can look in his face and ask him for more, Michael."

"Lake made no answer, but contrived to throw a vast deal of expression into a vicious blow administered with the poker to a piece of coal."

"I shall go and have a game of billiards, I think. Talking is no good. 'A hair of the dog,' you know; and he rose to go."

"You will put me in a passion, Fred. For God's sake, hear reason, man! Heaven did not send you into this

world to be the creature you are making yourself—billiards, and smoke, and wine, and worse than wine, and, what is vilest of all, your slang view of life, which makes the lowest motives govern everything, and the lowest point of view examine everything. Be something. Be true to yourself, and you can be false to nobody."

"His unwonted passion and raised voice arrested the purposeless prodigal, who returned crestfallen."

"I am not so bad after all, then, Bricks. You think there is some good left in me."

"Only reflect—think without any of your devil's appliances, as my Puritanism calls all the trumpery, of which those bills record the treble value, and in six hours you will be on the way to peace of mind."

Master and Pupil. By Mrs. Mackenzie Daniel. (Newby.)

OUR convictions are, in a general way, strongly against that class of publications known as religious novels; but it is rather with a view of disburdening our own mind than with any hope of producing an effect upon the writers of such works that we record these convictions, for, in these days of bitter religious acrimony, they all *will* write them. High Church, Low Church, No Church, Muscular Christians, Puseyites, Catholics, and other religionists of all shades and of all views, and perhaps after all it is a more amusing and certainly not less tasteful way of urging peculiar theological tenets, than virulent abuse in the columns of a newspaper, or still more furious yells to "Mr. Chairman," on a platform. "Master and Pupil" is a genuine religious novel of the dissenting shade; apart from the theological element, on which we shall have one word to say presently, it is neither badly conceived nor inartistically executed. The subject selected affords a good opportunity for illustrating the formation and development of character, under circumstances partly very common-place, partly rather outrageously improbable, and the manner in which this subject is worked out displays no ordinary acquaintance with the inner workings of the human heart, whilst the author, herself a lady, shows good judgment in selecting a lady, or rather three, for heroines, the masculine characters introduced being merely pegs to hang the first upon.

The real merit of this book consists in what we have just alluded to, namely, the skill with which the succession of adventures through which the heroine passes are made to work on her, and, we will not be uncivil enough to guess almost unconsciously on the author's part, the active exercise, the compelled exercise, of kindly and unselfish offices in nursing the sick, educating the young, preventing mischief, surrendering natural inclinations, and so forth, made gradually to form a loveable out of a repulsive character. As regards the religious element, it may suffice to say, that it is exactly what might be expected in a work of the peculiar shade we have mentioned; and that, as regards the controversial parts, they exhibit a good deal less acrimony, and a very little less knowledge of the subjects in difference, than the speeches of the gentlemen who "do the cursing" at Exeter Hall every May.

SHORT NOTICES.

A Key to the Elements of Commercial Arithmetic. By William Tate. (Effingham Wilson.) This little volume is not only a key in the ordinary sense of the word, but while it aids the tutor by saving him labour, it does so in such a way as to be scientifically useful to the advanced student.

Selections Grave and Gay, from the Writings of Thomas De Quincey: Speculations Literary and Philosophic. Critical Suggestions on Style and Rhetoric, with German Tales and other Narrative Papers. (Hogg.) Every critical reader will be glad to find these essays included in the republication of De Quincey's works now periodically appearing. A great master of the language himself, it is important to know how the effect is produced, which all acknowledge in reading his productions. An essay on style, by one whose style is almost faultless, is a valuable gift to the world; and the opinions of De Quincey are worth study, independently of the success which has attended his practice. Many of the tales are old favourites.

The Story of the Life of George Stephenson, Railway Engineer. Abridged by the Author from the original and larger work. By Samuel Smiles. (Murray.) Never was there a book which was more worthy of being abridged than "The Life of Stephenson." Never was there a book more sure to be appreciated when brought within the reach of all. Never was a man who better deserved than George Stephenson to have his life written by Smiles, his monument executed by Lough.

Newton Dogeane: a Story of English Country Life. By Francis Francis. With illustrations by Leech. 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.) We shall not say more about this novel than that it is a good story of its class and well told. Sporting tales are interesting to a comparatively small circle, and it is only when their merit greatly exceeds the average, that they fall largely into the hands of the general reader. In the case before us this can hardly be predicated. The book will be acceptable to the sportsman, and to those who hope and intend to become such; they will follow with eagerness the fortunes of the hero. Others will care little for him or them.

Paul the Preacher: a popular and practical exposition of his discourses and speeches, as recorded in the Acts of the Apostles. By John Edrie, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Biblical Literature to the United Presbyterian Church. (London and Glasgow: Griffiths.) This book is likely to be popular because it is both useful and practical. It is not a life of the apostle, neither is it an exegetical commentary on his writings. It regards him as the great preacher of his time; it brings out his meaning without much regard to the form of the disquisition. It presents us with a series of striking pictures, and leaves us much better acquainted with Paul and Paul's preaching than could have been accomplished by a more formal treatise.

The Works of the Rev. Sydney Smith. In Shilling Parts. Part VI. (Longman & Co.) Amongst the cheap reproductions of standard authors, for which, at the present time, there seems to be a perfect mania, this issue of Sydney Smith's works stands pre-eminent. The nobility of the author pervades each line of the part before us; healthy in tone, brilliant in style, grandly Christian at all times, Sydney Smith must ever command an audience while English morality and energy exist. No author can yearn for a wider fame.

The Poetical Works of Thomas Moore. In Shilling Parts. Part III. (Longman & Co.) Another cheap edition of the works of a great author. Moore may be sensuous, never sensual, and his worst lines contain enough to make us glad that his works are to be had complete, well printed, and with a portrait of Moore himself, for so little as ten shillings.

A Handbook to the English Lakes (by James Payn) contains a good map of the lakes, and is a sufficient guide to the tourist.

Our Woodlands, Heaths, and Hedges. By W. S. Coleman. (Routledge & Co.) This will be a very excellent pocket companion for ramblers in the country. It is illustrated and pleasantly written.

Catherine. By the Author of "Agnes, and the Little Key." (Knight & Son.) This little book is written in a very Christian spirit, and contains some interesting speculations relative to our future existence.

The Magazines generally this month are devoted to considerations of the Italian war and our relations therewith. *Blackwood* leads off with an article, "Fleets and Navies—France, Part I." The writer admits immense strength in the French navy, traces its progress to the present time, and urges England to make preparation in her own navy. He evidently feels great respect for scientific supremacy in war, but as science of all kinds whatever depends upon human power, that power must be primary in all warfare; and it has been shown in the very last recorded action that individual strength and bravery ever have the chances in their favour. The troops of France and Austria are scientific enough in all conscience: well,

Montebello was as hand-to-hand a fight as though between Celts and Saxons of a thousand years back. Let us take comfort in this, nor fear, if we do not despise, any foreign attempt at naval supremacy. The most noticeable paper in the number is an attempted re-drawing of Macaulay's portrait of Marlborough. But the apologist stands almost self-condemned, for he admits "the Duchess of Cleveland was as liberal of her purse as of her person, and Marlborough, a needy and handsome ensign, no doubt shared both." Can any apologist effectually set up his hero as spotless, or noble, after such an admission. The writer urges that the scandal against Marlborough is anonymous. Doubtless: to condemn a rich and powerful man openly is a very courageous act. Better leave Marlborough to himself,—a winner of great battles, and that is all. Another war article is "War Speculations," which possesses the merit of impartiality. The light reading is "The Siege of Plymouth," and "Review of a Review," the work of old hands, and quite equal to their old efforts. "Our Relations with the Continent," and "The New Parliament and its Work," make up the number, which is above average good quality.

Fraser's Magazine. In the number for this month is published a letter to the editor from Mr. J. D. Coleridge, son of Sir John Coleridge, in answer to certain accusations, direct and implied, contained in Mr. Buckley's essay which appeared in the last number. Mr. Coleridge has entirely refuted these accusations, at which he is justly indignant; and we cannot but wish that Mr. Buckley, before stating his opinions had been better informed on the subject, and less reckless in his choice of expressions.

The Irish Quarterly Review has some interesting articles. Its Quarterly Record of the Progress of Reformatory Schools contains much useful information.

The Virginians. The number for the present month is very good. In consequence of an accident, the plates will not appear till next month.

Titan has some excellent articles for June. "Who reads all the Novels," is very good, and the political portraits at the end are interesting.

Lord Byron's Poetical Works. (Murray.) Part 5 appears this month, and contains: "Hours of Idleness," "English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers," "Hints from Horace," "Curse of Minerva," and "The Waltz," with an abundance of explanatory foot-notes.

Boswell's Life of Johnson. (Murray.) Part 4 is published this month, and contains a pretty engraving of Litchfield, the birthplace of Johnson.

Universal Review (June). (Allen & Co.) Special political phases will in these days call forth a special literature; hence the establishment of the "Universal Review," its grand aim being a thoroughly open treatment of the Indian question. The care, thought, and experience, bestowed upon the second part of "The Resources of India and its Colonization," in the June number of the "Universal" are evidence that India has a special literary representative of the highest class in England, and it may happen that this periodical will take a high place in the discussion of the results of the experiments now commencing—perhaps progressing—in our Indian empire: experiments lost sight of in England's watchfulness of the Continent, but which will assuredly bring forth fruit, and quickly. The number is very readable, especially the article "A Reviewer's Parcel," the writer being, however, extreme in his advocacy of physical education.

Englishwoman's Journal (June). (Piper & Co.) This practical magazine continues its mission of female amelioration. One of the most charming articles is on "Female Engravers." It is a pleasant, good compilation, and full of hope. "The Wood Roof," a poem by Isa Craig, is quite worthy of the lady.

The twelfth number of the *Hurst Johnian* is quite as good as its predecessors; and the second "National Portrait," that of Sir William Campion, Knight, is as well drawn as the first.

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